

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Thirtieth Year of Issue

January, 1951

Gas and Public Service

► THE CONSUMERS' GAS COMPANY of Toronto has followed the TTC (see *The Canadian Forum*, June 1950) in a suggestion of higher charges for its services. Like the TTC, it appears to have been well managed but to be less than frank in its published accounts. A public utility company is under a special obligation to render "full and unreserved account of its affairs"; indeed, these words were used in the Act of Parliament which gave the company its charter over a hundred years ago. Looking at the published accounts of September 1950, one might think that their form had remained unchanged since 1848. This would be a mistake, however, for the form deteriorated markedly in 1948.

The accounts now show under the heading Reserves three items of so diverse a nature that to total them gives a figure of no significance—except that it is over \$13 million: and to reconcile the Income Statement with the Balance Sheet requires a juggling of figures and references to the Directors' Report. Changes in the Reserve Fund, which should appear clearly on the face of the accounts, would be unintelligible to anyone without a fairly advanced knowledge of accounting.

In 1927 the fixed assets of the company were listed at \$17½ million and in 1950 at \$29 million; the net of other assets less current liabilities increased by over \$1 million.

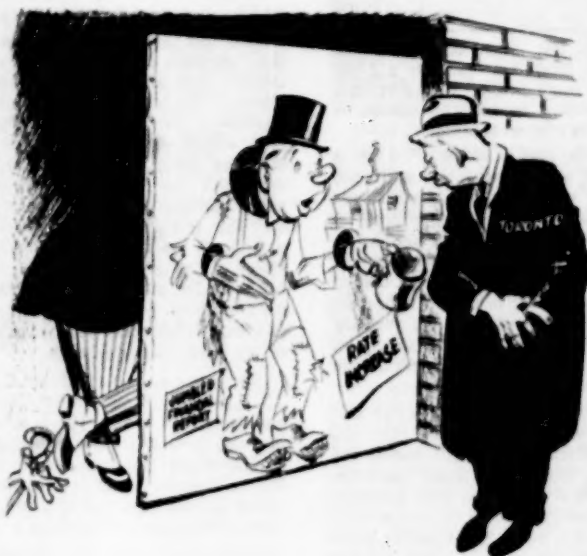
(Continued overleaf)

Provinces and Pensions

► IN DECEMBER our Dominion and provincial governments met in conference. And they showed that when the discussion is kept to one or two main issues they can agree. As a result, it looks as if we shall have old age pensions at 70 without a means test within the next year.

Perhaps the seriousness of the world situation and the absolute lack of co-operation in international affairs had something to do with it. For in their talks, and in the attitude with which they approached all problems, there was a warmer spirit of co-operation than there had been for a long time. Of course the public wants old age pensions without a means test. And the joint committee which reported its findings to Parliament last June 28 approved the scheme. But the problem of constitutional amendment and the question of finding the money had still to be settled.

By the end of the conference, all provinces had agreed to study a constitutional amendment permitting the federal government to set up a contributory system of old



In This Issue

GERMAN TRADE UNIONS - - - Page 222
HENRY GREEN - - - - - Page 227

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

GAS AND PUBLIC SERVICE	217
PROVINCES AND PENSIONS	217
EDITORIALS	219
FABIANISM IN 1950—F. H. U.	220
LETTER FROM LONDON—Stella Harrison	221
GERMAN TRADE UNIONS—Michael Shernstone	222
MASS COMMUNICATIONS—Albert A. Shea	224
THE FOOD THEY GAVE ME—Clare McAllister	226
O CANADA	227

LITERATURE and the ARTS

THE NOVELS OF HENRY GREEN—Robert L. Weaver	227
ROCK TEXTURES (Reproduction)—Charles F. Comfort	229
ON THE AIR—Allan Sangster	231
DEAD MEAT (Short Story)—Pamela Lee	232
FILM REVIEW—D. Mendell	233
RECORDINGS—Milton Wilson	233
CORRESPONDENCE	234
OVERHEARD: 1965 (Poem)—Alfred W. Purdy	235
BOOKS REVIEWED	235

age pensions without a means test. This amendment will allow the Dominion to levy a direct tax—possibly a 2 per cent income tax to be paid by every citizen. Whatever form the tax takes it will be a universal contributory scheme in which contributions will not be tied to benefits.

For needy people between the ages of 65 and 70 a \$40 a month pension scheme based on a means test and paid jointly by the Federal and provincial governments was recommended. Although Ontario was prepared to agree to this scheme immediately, and to extend present health services to pensions from 65 upward, the western provinces, in particular, were not so enthusiastic. The problem of financing a plan which is bound to increase in cost as time goes on would, they felt, require additional help. A standing committee under Welfare Minister Martin was set up to review such problems as soon as the provinces agree on the constitutional amendment.

The same co-operative attitude was evident in the discussion of the renewal of taxation agreements. The old agreement whereby the Dominion government rented the corporation, inheritance and income tax fields from the provinces comes to an end in 1952. It is now generally recognized that the income from these fields is indispensable to the Federal government and it would be impossible for it to withdraw from them. Even Ontario and Quebec, the two provinces who refused to sign the agreements in 1948, were prepared, in the words of Mr. Frost, to recognize that "ways and means of either assigning or sharing these fields can be devised which will be mutually satisfactory to the federal government as well as the provinces." With such an attitude of give and take it should not be hard for the Dominion and the provinces to come to a reasonable understanding before the present agreements run out next year.

One point, however, on which Ottawa fell in line with the provinces may not be quite so pleasing to the public. Five provinces now collect sales taxes in addition to the Federal government's hidden 8 per cent sales tax. These provincial sales taxes are direct and must be shown on the buyer's bill as a separate item. A proposed amendment to the constitution will allow this tax to be hidden in the bill of sale. Aside from the fact that this will undoubtedly

encourage all provinces to collect a sales tax, there is one other consideration. Our government is becoming more and more costly. We recognize this in the income tax, and perhaps note it in paying, in other direct forms of taxation such as the amusement tax, the gasoline tax, the property tax and so on. Perhaps, if we were made aware just how much our government costs us, we would be both more interested in its activities and more alive to our responsibilities. At the recent conference, Defence Minister Claxton issued some figures which break down the unintelligible "millions for defence" into figures we can understand. These figures showed that for every man taken into the armed forces \$1,000 of new construction was required immediately. His pay, allowances, food and clothing cost \$2,900. The cost of his share of the equipment for himself and his unit is \$3,450 if he is in an infantry division; \$6,800 if he is in an anti-aircraft regiment; \$7,325 if he is in an armored division; \$10,000 if he is in the navy, and \$16,000 if he is in the air force. Compared to figures like these, \$40 a month at the age of seventy seems small indeed. How much more co-operation will be needed at all levels of government if we are to improve upon it!

GAS AND PUBLIC SERVICE—continued

This leaves a total change of \$12½ million to account for. During this period the capital has increased by \$2½ million, premium on capital issues accounts for a further \$2 million, and an outstanding bond issue for over \$4½ million. The other \$3½ million has been met by earnings retained in the company. The Reserve Fund has fallen by \$2½ million, giving a mistaken impression that the company has been doing badly. The company has the right to set aside each year 5 per cent of the book value of its buildings and equipment to provide for repairs and renewals. The fact that actual repairs and renewals have only twice been as large as the amount set aside has created reserves far in excess of the fall in the Reserve Fund, and has made cash available for expansion which otherwise might never have been received, because of lower rates, or might have been paid out in dividends. The company is now gradually paying off its bonds out of earnings.

The company paid dividends at 10½ per cent from 1848-57; 8 per cent from 1858-74; 10 per cent from 1875-1940; and 8 per cent from 1941. It increased its rate for services in 1937, 1947 and 1948. The inquiry ordered by the City of Toronto into the claim for a further increase in rates may, it is to be hoped, result in a revision of the regulations under which the company operates and a complete change in the form of its published accounts.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Alan Creighton - Corresponding Editor

L. A. Morris - Business Manager

Editorial Board: C. R. Feilding, Edith Fowke, Helen Frye, Northrop Frye, Donald Gardner, C. A. Grawick, Felix Lazarus, Kay Morris, John Nicol, Allan Sangster, Milton Wilson.

Published each month by

CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED

16 Huntley Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada

Telephone: PR. 3735

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.

Advertising rates on request.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XXX, No. 360

Founded 1920

Toronto, Ontario, January, 1951

Lessons of Korea

The débâcle in Korea has at last made clear to us all what only India, of the anti-Soviet powers, seemed to grasp before—that the new rulers of China are powerful and ruthless men who mean what they say, and that unless the western powers can concentrate most of their present force in the Far East they cannot make a military stand against the will of China. A nation of 450 million, whose seasoned army supports a far higher proportion of fighting troops than the highly organized western armies can possibly maintain, can afford to defy the United States and indeed the United Nations—always provided that the rest of the world needs steadily increasing defences against the Russian menace.

A combination of bad judgment, bad management, and bad luck has bedevilled American policy in the Far East since the bombing of Hiroshima, and has enabled the Chinese Communists to claim and probably even to believe that the Americans are bloodthirsty imperialist warmongers. The retention of Formosa as a sanctuary for Chiang looks worse and worse as the years go on. In this the Americans are defying the Cairo agreement, on two dubious legal grounds: first, that the Mao régime is not China because it is not recognized by the United States; second, that Formosa was a Japanese possession and therefore must await the Japanese peace treaty. The refusal to admit China to the UN has degenerated to a case of sulking. The flamboyant proconsulate of Douglas MacArthur in Japan has been redolent of old-fashioned empire. In Korea, before the present war broke out, the US put itself in the wrong by letting the Soviet occupation forces be withdrawn well ahead of its own. Then came the crime of the North Koreans, and the moral authority of the United States was reasserted. Its prompt action was brilliant and daring, and the doing of it in the name of the UN was justified by the rallying of the nations in support. The only flaws were the Asiatic reputations of General MacArthur and the unspeakable Syngman Rhee. Essentially, it was these minor weaknesses that brought the whole structure down. In crossing the 38th parallel when victory was in their grasp, and in defiance of a clear warning from China, the United Nations appeared inept and worse. In Asia, it must have seemed clear that Syngman Rhee was to be imposed on all Korea and that no boundary was safe from General MacArthur.

But doubts were rising in the western camp too. We had Mr. Nehru to prod our conscience and our common sense. And the UN character of the action was dubious—obviously General MacArthur's commander-in-chief was still Mr. Truman, not Mr. Lie. The uneasiness of the USA's friends was crystallized into conviction by the serious reverses that followed the Chinese intervention. Conviction was translated into action when Mr. Truman made his reference to the atomic bomb as a possible weapon in Korea. It was an offhand remark, no doubt, and probably military nonsense as well, but it was none the less alarming for these reasons. Perhaps Mr. Attlee's visit to Washington will not prove to have helped to bring about a settlement in Korea. But it was, surely, a contribution to realism. It did demonstrate to the Americans that others are involved, that there is room in the western camp for disagreement without dis-

unity, and that a policy will not necessarily be regarded as right because it annoys the Communists. It is good that Britain, India, and France have reminded the world that their views on Asiatic questions come from long experience. It is good, too, that even Canada has proved capable of taking a line different from the American line—once a lead has been given.

Plan for Asia

While our headlines are concerned with Korea and the problems of Northeast Asia, little attention is being paid to what in the long run may be of equal importance to us all: the Colombo report on economic assistance to South and Southeast Asia by means of a six-year development plan costing \$5,000 million, of which \$3,000 million is to be found outside the countries themselves. No fundamental change in the Eastern economy is planned, no attempt to fit the East into a Western industrial straitjacket. Since India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaya, and Borneo have an agricultural economy, 66 per cent of the money will be spent on agriculture and transportation. 18 per cent will go to education, health and other social projects, but only 6 per cent to industrial and mining investments.

These statistics make the prospect of private investment somewhat dubious, certainly in the early stages. The report mentions private investment but relies, initially at least, on loans from the International Bank, and loans or gifts from other countries. The only money on hand comes from the sterling balance blocked in London during the Second World War. Although Churchill has pointed out that Britain's war expenditure gives her the right to make counter claims against these debts, Prime Minister Attlee has indicated that Britain will press no claims, but will release £246 million for the Commonwealth countries concerned.

The prospects for raising the remaining assistance are obscure at present. It is to be hoped, however, that Congress, in the midst of more immediately pressing problems, will find time to support a plan which should help to save it further problems of the same kind. Canada has so far contributed \$400,000 to the Colombo Technical Assistance Fund set up by Commonwealth countries and expects to extend technical training courses to include Asiatic students, as well as those of South America and Europe already included under the United Nations Technical Assistance Program. This is an almost negligible contribution, but no doubt more extensive projects of support for the Colombo Plan will be presented to the next session of parliament.

Free Trade in Ideas

On November 22 nineteen nations signed a Unesco agreement that will remove some of the barriers upon the free flow of ideas between nations. The "Agreement on the Importation of Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Materials" will wipe out customs duties on books, newspapers, works of art, educational films, sound recordings, materials for the blind, and scientific equipment for research laboratories and universities. No longer will import duties increase the cost of books in some countries by 200 to 300 per cent; no longer will educational films be taxed at so much per foot,

and statues at so much per pound. That is, at least, in the nineteen countries that have signed the agreement.

Unfortunately, however, the list of signatories is by no means complete. For us the most notable absentee is Canada, which levies 10 per cent "most-favored-nation" tariff on books, as well as an 8 per cent sales tax. Other missing nations include the United States, France, and India, but these all intend to sign as soon as they can adjust the provisions of the pact to their fiscal policy. So far there has been no indication that the Canadian government plans to sign at any time in the near future. Indeed, when a delegation from the Canadian Library Association asked Mr. Abbott to remove the sales tax and customs duties on books, they were informed that the government could not afford to lose this revenue. Surely there are less harmful ways of securing revenue than by taxing books. At this point in the world's history there is a critical need for informed citizens. Anything that hampers the spread of knowledge is not in the best interests of Canada or of the world.

Fabianism in 1950

► A WRITER in an English Catholic journal recently got off a rather neat quip about socialist intellectuals: "Most people on the Left keep their spirits up by continually revising their conception of Socialism, so as to ensure that the world is always moving toward it but never getting there." He was praising George Orwell for sticking fast to his original conception of socialism and being honest enough to see that it leads in the end to "1984."* But perhaps even Catholic thinkers revise their ideas from time to time about the policies needed to meet changing political and economic conditions.

In the first two numbers of the new *Fabian Journal* (May and October, 1950), Mr. G. D. H. Cole, the chairman of the Fabian Society, has some interesting things to say about Fabian socialism and the Labor party. Since these remarks of his are not likely to have been very widely read in Canada, it seems worthwhile to quote from them at some length. The quotations will make it clear that what he says has a fairly direct bearing on our Canadian CCF.

"The Fabian Society attracts not all Socialists—not even all good, intelligent Socialists—but only certain kinds. It attracts, first and foremost, those for whom democratic Socialism is not a creed already worked out in full and simply there to be accepted or rejected, but rather a developing and highly adaptable corpus of social doctrine that needs to be continually thought out afresh as situations change and as notions that have been worked out theoretically come to be applied in practice—and sometimes wrongly applied. We have, no doubt, our dogmas, like other people, but we do our best to prevent them from becoming our masters by questioning them constantly . . . We are free-thinkers to a man—and a woman—in the sense that we believe in freedom to think without blinkers. . . .

"We are Fabians, then, because we regard Socialism not as a body of hard-and-fast dogma resting on the revelation of a master, be he Marx or Webb, but as an attitude of mind that has to be applied freshly to each new problem as it arises, and because we believe that in the interests of Socialism there has to be some body of Socialists not so much tied up in day-to-day politics as a political party is bound to be, and accordingly free to look further ahead.

This trying to look ahead is our peculiar function as a Society, and it cannot be an easy one . . . Thinking to good purpose is seldom thinking in the void: it involves both a lot of trouble in collecting, sorting, and verifying information, and a lot of talking things over, comparing notes, and profiting by one another's experience . . .

"The fact has to be faced that the Labour Party, in achieving so much during its first five years of power, has got nearly to the end of the policies that had been clearly thought out before 1945 . . . and has now to face a situation that requires fresh fundamental thinking in the light of the changed place of Great Britain in the world as well as of the climate of opinion in Great Britain itself. The Fabian Society must tackle this job as best it can—not all at once, but bit by bit, as our limited resources allow . . . 'Bit by bit' is not of itself enough. Some of us have been feeling for some time that the Fabian Society cannot do its work properly without making an attempt to perform for the present generation the service which *Fabian Essays* performed more than two generations ago. So a small group of us has been meeting to discover how far we can agree on a restatement of the basis of our democratic Socialist faith in its relation to the practical problems of the next ten or twenty or thirty years. . . .

"How many of us today could give a tolerably coherent account of the shape of the society towards which we are attempting to steer—of the extent to which it involves nationalisation or other forms of social ownership or control; of the standard of life we can reasonably aim at; of the means of assuring the right level of social and industrial investment and of eliciting the right responses by finding the right incentives to rely on in a society working by democratic methods and counting each man as a full citizen to a full share in democratic rights and responsibilities? . . .

"A political party, at any rate when it has reached the stage of being a real claimant for office, . . . cannot afford, unless it renounces parliamentary methods in favor of some sort of dictatorship, to look very far ahead, or to commit itself to more than a limited program of positive measures. Such a party has to be opportunist, in the sense of adapting its proposals and promises to the mood of the electorate and to what the economic and social situation allows it to do. It can, no doubt, cherish and proclaim larger long-run objectives; but it has to be wary of shaping them into positive projects that are beyond its immediate reach. That is why, in a democratic country, there is need, in addition to a Labour Party, for some sort of society, not deeply involved in the immediate business of vote-catching and electoral program-making, to look ahead and blaze the trail for the movement as a whole to follow as and when the situation allows. . . .

"The Labour Party has been, during the past five years, living gloriously on its past. It has been putting into effect projects not only thought of long ago, but so talked about by those who influence mass opinion among the workers as to have been incorporated into working-class sentiment. For example, in the field of nationalisation, there was a real and widespread sentiment in favor of nationalising mines, railways, the main public utility services, and the Bank of England . . . But there is still no comparable sentiment in favor of nationalising much else. . . . In effect, Labour has already run through most of the measures for which the electorate—even the working-class electorate—has been sufficiently prepared by Socialist planning followed up by popular Socialist education. That was why the Labour Party's attempt to draft a program for the second five years resulted in so disappointing and soulless a document as the manifesto with which the Party went into this

* Geoffrey Ashe—"Second Thoughts on 1984," in *The Month*, Nov., 1950.

year's election . . . The plain moral is that the cause of Socialism now requires a new and sustained propagandist and educational effort fully as great as that which brought the Labour Government to power in 1945."

And so Mr. Cole concludes: "There is need for an irresponsible agency, that does not commit either the Party or the Government, but does the preparatory educational work without which legislative advances cannot be made." But these planners will be very apt to go wrong and to produce unworkable projects unless they are in close touch with the popular propagandists, and are continually being influenced by what the propagandists of the party accept or reject, applaud or criticize. "It is this two-way traffic between the planners and the key men and women in the working-class movements that is so largely missing nowadays, and it is this lack that creates so much feeling of frustration among the members of both groups."

No doubt, the Canadian reader can be left without further assistance to apply these remarks of Mr. Cole to the situation of our Canadian socialist movement.

F.H.U.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Vol. 6, No. 64, January, 1936, *The Canadian Forum*—Two months ago, soft coal and coke were retailing generally at \$12 a ton, and if there had been no strike (in Pennsylvania), there is no doubt that this price would have been maintained, whereas at the moment of going to press this fuel cannot be obtained in Toronto for less than \$14 a ton. Incidentally, those of us of the older generation who can recall the good old days before the war, will recollect that the retail price of soft coal in 1914 was \$6 a ton.

Letter from London

Stella Harrison

► ONCE AGAIN it is the season *par excellence* of seasonal news. Farmyard turkeys and skating belles vie with each other for pride of place on the picture pages. Funny drawings of precocious infants twitting a traditional Santa Claus jostle invitations to suggest apt gifts for public personalities and win a cash prize. Free carriage by air is announced of parcels for troops posted to Korea after the final date for despatch by surface mail in time for Christmas delivery. The chief officer of a north of England fire brigade has issued a warning about the perils of fairy lights, paper hangings and other "incendiary" decorations.

On the day of Saint Nicholas the House of Commons solemnly decided to allow children to take pony-carriage drives on Sundays during the Festival of Britain; more, it agreed to special illuminations in the Festival Gardens, a children's zoo, a miniature railway, and (of all things) an elevated tree walk, all on Sundays.

The prophecies for 1951 have started (the most inefficient of prophets could hardly miss); so have the good resolutions. The Government has resolved to ask the Cost of Living Advisory Committee whether this is the right time to attempt a revision of the Cost of Living Index. Political leaders of varied complexions have resolved not to countenance the use of the atomic bomb unless it is really necessary. And talking of bombs, even airborne phenomena have taken a seasonal turn—or should I say described a seasonal para-



bola? Whichever way it is, flying saucers are out, flying icebergs are in.

At first there was a marked tendency to treat these objects with the scepticism an atomic-age toddler reserves for the crimson-cloaked, white-whiskered impostor in the toy department of the local store. Then a sizeable hunk of ice flew through someone's garage roof and was notified to the authorities, rounded up and placed under arrest in the nearest police station's refrigerator. Subsequent analysis revealed the presence of lubricating oil which, while being evidence of something, proved nothing. Yesterday a lump of ice like a cannon-ball, six inches across, struck a road east of London, scoring a near-miss on a lad on a bike. Anyone might have been forgiven for assuming it was a schoolboy's snowball, for the weather too has been seasonable and the snow came early this winter. However, it was on the air route from London to Paris; and two more, larger chunks of ice—one twelve inches long—were seen to fall west of London, in districts repeatedly being flown over by liners using the two main metropolitan airports. How many such iceblocks may have dropped unseen—in fields, woods, gardens, parks—will plainly never be known; it is unlikely that every descent has been witnessed and the physical nature of ice makes later discovery equally unlikely.

Conjecture links the phenomenon directly with meteorological conditions or else indirectly—that is to say, with the de-icing apparatus of aircraft. Nobody has yet, to my knowledge, seriously suggested either that we are being bombarded with frozen missiles from another planet or that the super-hallstones are miniature aerial chariots carrying little men who are observing us, although there is no telling what someone might see late on some festive evening.

Personally I should like to see one fall, glittering like a star between heaven and Charing Cross in the silent night before Christmas. I should prefer it to fall from a clear sky innocent of aviation. That would provide welcome support for the theory that the ancient miracles probably did happen. I am one of those—I think numerous—people who find it easier to accept an improbability when offered a possible explanation than when merely exhorted to belief on grounds of faith. But if a distinctive characteristic of all miracles is wild improbability, a distinguishing quality of the reasoning mind is the capacity to recognize analogies; so that rational explanation of one miracle may, if not explain, at least presume the possibility of explanation for, and therefore the right to believe in, others past, present, and to come. And I should very much like to believe in the possibility of miracles in the second half of the twentieth century.

London, England, December 8, 1950.

German Trade Unions

Michael Shenstone

► EVEN TO THOSE who know no more about post-war Europe than what they gather from leafing through their daily paper, the British "TUC" and its stormy petrel cousin, the French "CGT," are familiar at least in name. But most people would be somewhat surprised to learn that in Germany there is a trade-union organization numerically quite as strong, and nominally just as powerful, as either of these two bodies. The fact that we never hear about the West German "Deutscher Gewerkschaftsbund" (usually called the "DGB") is unfortunately symptomatic of its present importance in German life—and this in spite of the

fact that its leaders are among the most sincere and active supporters of the democratic form of government in the country.

Since, under Hitler, all German trade unions were completely suppressed, it was necessary for the Allies in 1945 to start building again right from the bottom. The movement that emerged during the next few years now numbers no less than 5,000,000, out of a total working population in Western Germany of 13,000,000. Its leadership is not Communist, and it has been spared the greatest weakness of pre-war German trade-unionism—division along confessional lines. Union leaders are determined not to repeat this mistake. In addition, by forming only sixteen major industrial unions (instead of the four-hundred-odd in the British TUC, for instance), they have avoided much of the jurisdictional strife that has plagued British and North American trade-unionism. They have an admirably pyramided method of national and local organization—admirable, that is, until the foreign observer discovers to his amazement that in Germany there is no trace at all of what is fundamental to a Canadian, British, or American union—the "union local."

The system whereby the lowest real unit of the union is to be found in the *Ort*, or municipality, is a unique German institution. Unions, say the Germans, are meant to speak to the public at large in the interests of the working class, and naturally to fight for higher wages and shorter hours. But all the little day-to-day problems that concern the individual worker alone—local application of general wage rates, handling of individual grievances and complaints, determining of safety conditions, and all other labor and social problems of the individual plant—are left to the *Betriebsrat*.

The *Betriebsrat* ("works council") is a body, legally compulsory since 1919, composed of annually elected representatives of the managerial, clerical, and laboring staff of the plant. It is really a sort of company union, quite independent of any other body, though a majority of its members often belong to the trade union proper. Its executive members are customarily released from their duties in the plant, but continue to be paid by the firm. It is the only organization that deals with the matters outlined above—which would not be such a disadvantage except that having no outside support, and no real authority, it almost always yields to the desires of management, even when it is controlled by Communists!

The result of the *Betriebsrat* system (with which labor leaders are unfortunately quite content) is that the unions are denied much of the strength that our own unions gain from their concern with the problems that concern the individual worker in the factory. The German worker can never feel that his union is acting for him personally. Nor is there any way in which he can feel that he can influence the union—for only once a year do the workers come together as union members to elect the *Ort* officials. The *Betriebsrat* organizes all meetings of workers within the single factory or enterprise.

This organizational weakness would not be so important if there were not so many other weaknesses in German trade unions. The twelve years' isolation under Hitler has resulted in a natural ignorance of the latest developments in unionism abroad, and of the standard of living which the working classes of other war-stricken countries have nevertheless managed to attain. Herr Storch, the present German Federal Minister of Labor, and himself an ex-trade-union official, told me in an interview last summer that he was quite convinced that the German worker was better off at present than the British worker. His chief proof for this amazing statement seemed to be that there was rationing in

England, and none in Germany. (They do it by price there.) He was also actually *proud* that he had only 250 people in his entire department, while the British Ministry of Labour had 5,000 (which, mind you, may be excessive, but not that excessive).

Not only are German labor leaders not up-to-date in knowledge of world conditions, but they are equally backward with regard to current economic thought—so say British officials who are working on the problem of tactfully “re-educating” them. Keynesian or post-Keynesian theories are little known, even in bare outline or in popular versions, to most trade-union leaders. Many of them, in responsible positions (e.g. the education branch, which is highly developed) will assure you that the present vast unemployment in the Federal Republic has for *sole* cause the presence of the refugees from the East and the lost provinces, and the Allied—especially British (the British are the scapegoats for everything in Germany today)—program of dismantling. And such concepts as the British “fair-shares” policy, or even Truman’s “Fair Deal,” have no parallels in German minds.

This is not to say that the DGB does not have progressive measures in its program—for it does. It supports measures for price control, schemes for creating employment, and even a limited amount of socialization. It gives good publicity to its ideas, and acts constantly as a pressure group in Parliament, where it has the Social Democrats as its chief but not exclusive allies. But because so many of its leaders do not really have a clear picture of the reasons and the interdependence of the various measures which they advocate, the DGB has not been concentrating its efforts sufficiently, nor awaking the support of its rank and file, for these purely economic measures which promise immediate benefit to the German working class—which, in spite of the encouraging recovery of Germany as a whole, is one of the most hard-pressed in Western Europe.

There are other reasons why German trade unions are not doing all they could for their members. There is the patriarchal tendency which still exists in German management-labor relations; there is a natural and patriotic desire not to impede German recovery with strikes; there is the pressure of unemployment. German unions are often isolationist; for instance, I was told of a clothing factory near Frankfurt where female apprentices, refugees from the East, were being employed for 30 pfennigs (7c) an hour, less 6 pf. tax, etc. The local union refused to take action because the women were *Flüchtlinge*, refugees.

German labor leaders have an often ill-advised tendency to seek fulfillment of their aims purely by legislation—not that the legislation is necessarily harmful, but legal rights are sometimes not so efficacious or meaningful as rights won by struggle and compromise. The Allies recognized this failing in German trade unions, and with their encouragement institutions for voluntary conciliation and arbitration have been set up in various Lands—notably in the British zone, where the British officials in the Manpower Branch have been largely drawn from the Ministry of Labor and are thus used to this approach. However, the institutions created have been very little used. (One handicap encountered was the lack of any adequate translation of the word “conciliation.”)

Hesitancy and lack of comprehension with regard to the economic program of the DGB, and the present inability of German trade unions to make any significant gains for the working classes, have resulted in one major phenomenon—*Mitbestimmungsrecht* (“right of co-decision”). *Mitbestimmungsrecht* is the one thing on which all German trade unionists find themselves united; it is the one thing for

which they are working really hard; and the one thing for which any great enthusiasm has been communicated to the rank and file.

Mitbestimmungsrecht is always discussed in the light of the events of 1933. Its primary purpose in many people’s eyes is to prevent the rise of another Hitler by destroying the power of the great capitalistic concerns to finance such adventure. Its economic advantages will be almost as important. It will, we are told, prevent large-scale unemployment, give the worker his just reward, see that the national resources are used to the national benefit, and make German industry more efficient—there is a widespread feeling that the German business classes are not only politically reactionary, but also technically old-fashioned and unimaginative. The plan will also make the individual worker more happy by giving him greater self-respect in his work.

These purposes are laudable; and there is no wonder that it has been easy to wake the enthusiasm of the average worker for them—particularly when they are often expressed in quite revolutionary language. But when we come to examine the machinery of the scheme that is to accomplish all this (it is dubbed a “new ordering of the economy”), we find it altogether inadequate. The core of the DGB’s plan is that the higher officials of the trade unions should appoint one-half of the members of the *Aufsichtsrat* (Board of Directors) of each enterprise in the country employing over 500 men. The unions are to make their appointments partly from those working in the factory, but also partly from outside it—as in Canada directors are drawn from outside, to give a fresh viewpoint on the company’s affairs.

In addition, a Social or Labor Manager (i.e. a personnel manager) is to be appointed on the nomination of the union, sharing power equally with the already existing Production and Finance Managers. Consultative technical committees are to be set up in the factory, alongside the *Betriebsrat*. Trade unions are to nominate members to all local and provincial economic councils and chambers of commerce (which have certain regulatory functions they do not have in Canada). Finally, a federal Economic Council, consisting of a hundred and fifty members of industry, agriculture, the professions, and the unions, is to be set up “to advise the Government, Ministries and Parliament on all questions of economic, social, financial, and tax policy.”

Objections are legion. The *Aufsichtsrat* in Germany has much less effective power than a Board of Directors with us—it is half-way to a shareholders’ meeting. So the unions would not be getting as much power as they wish. Nor is *Mitbestimmungsrecht* industrial democracy—for the members of the *Aufsichtsrat* are not elected by the workers, but appointed by the union officials, whom we have seen to be so remote from democratic control. In any case where will the unions find enough trained men to serve on all these new bodies? Even if you do not like the average company director, he has a lifetime of experience behind him. The new union directors would be liable not only to be outvoted (the Government, they say, would be the referee when there was a 50-50 split), but outargued.

An objection which applies to the Board of Directors as well as to the Labor Manager is that whenever a decision is made which is contrary to the immediate wishes of the workers—and such decisions would be at times unavoidable—union officials would be implicated in it, sharing in the general odium. The technical committees, judging by the achievements of the *Betriebsrat*, would be useless. And what sane economic advice can a body of a hundred and fifty men give? For two years now *Mitbestimmungsrecht* has been fully in force in the steel industry—yet so little has it

affected the running of the industry, for better or for worse, that the head of the Heavy Industries Branch in the British Control Commission did not even know of its existence! Of course, some of the most intelligent among trade-unionists, particularly those who are already experienced in *Mitbestimmungsrecht*, are less candid about the advantages it will bring, but remain silent out of loyalty to the movement.

Yet *Mitbestimmungsrecht*, in a diluted form, is likely to become law. Projects for it are now before Parliament, and the Government is preparing a version of its own. Significantly, the employers are not afraid of *Mitbestimmungsrecht* as a whole (which ought to warn the DGB that its plans are not so revolutionary, nor so effective, as it makes out)—though they do wish to have less than 50% membership of the *Aufsichtsrat* allotted to the unions, and want to have the new members of this body drawn only from within the factory or enterprise. Herr Storch agrees with them; he believes in *Mitbestimmungsrecht*, though not so extravagantly as his trade-union co-workers.

One therefore feels that German trade-unionism may be riding for a fall. It has raised hopes among its members which are sure to be disappointed, due to its own inability to fulfil the tasks it would assume in *Mitbestimmungsrecht*. It is not concentrating strongly enough, or systematically enough, on the economic problems of its members. And it sees nothing wrong with its organizational relationship with the individual worker. The penalty of failure in these matters might mean a great upsurge in communism. Yet the DGB still has great strength and moral assets. If German trade-unionism is at present on the wrong path, we can be comforted by the fact that its leaders are among those in Germany who are searching hardest for what (to us) is the right path.

Mass Communications

Albert A. Shea

► SOCIETY, DURING THE PAST two centuries, has gone through a number of marked changes. There has been a considerable increase in the number of people in the world, and they have tended to concentrate in metropolitan areas. The techniques of the Industrial Revolution, applied to transportation and communications, have made the world a social unit. Literacy has increased, stimulated by compulsory primary education and more readily available printed matter. Increasing secularization has meant greater appeal to reason and opinion, and less reliance on revelation. In politics, the idea that each man counts for one, and all men count, has penetrated all groups to some degree. We have arrived at a time of Mass Society, and the realization that for such a society the process of the communication of ideas is of critical importance.

Stimulated by the expanding use of propaganda in two world wars, and by the interest of manufacturers and newspapers in the preferences of people in their choice of products and of political parties, a considerable amount of empirical research has been undertaken. Some of those engaged in empirical research have also been groping for a theoretical framework, which might make the whole social process of communication more understandable.

In the absence of a comprehensive volume on the subject, Berelson and Janowitz have collected forty-seven articles and excerpts into a "Reader."¹ To the newcomer it will

give an impression of the variety of specialists who are interested in communications, and the diversity of their contributions. It is not, however, a satisfactory introduction, but is intended to serve rather as a useful work-book for teachers, research workers, and advanced students already initiated into some of the mysteries.

As we shall see, there are already many sub-specializations within the broad limits of the phrase "mass communications." But, in general, what do students of mass communications concern themselves with?

There is a formula which provides a synopsis of the process of communication:

"WHO
says WHAT
to WHOM
by what MEANS
for what PURPOSE
with what EFFECT?"

Ideally, the study of the communications process should embrace all phases of the process. A rounded study would give us information on Who, What, Whom, Means, Purpose, Effect. In commercial research the emphasis has tended to be on content analysis (What is said), the audience (to Whom), and impact (with what Effect). The source of the message, its social import, its purpose: the advertiser would not consider research into these matters to be relevant. Even to the outsider, the motive of his communication activities is usually clear.

A sampling of the "Reader" illustrates the broad range of interests brought together under the heading of communications. The student of politics is there in Harold D. Lasswell, and his contributions include "Democracy Through Public Opinion," and "The Theory of Political Propaganda." The legal scholar has his say with an excerpt from A. V. Dicey, "The Relations Between Law and Public Opinion," and Zechariah Chafee, "Government and Mass Communications." The sociologists are numerous with Paul F. Lazarsfeld exploring the problems of "Audience Research," and Robert Angell venturing into a discussion of "International Communications and World Society." The psychologist is there, the social psychologist, the economist, and even the anthropologist. Mass Communications is rather a big mouthful. The usual procedure is to bite off a chunk, in order to chew it thoroughly.

An example of such specialization is the study of the role of radio in society by Charles A. Siepmann, the chairman of the Department of Communications at New York University. Mr. Siepmann has been with radio for a long time. Before coming to the United States in 1937, and taking up citizenship, he was for 12 years a director of programs for the BBC. Recently he surveyed Canadian radio at the request of the Massey Commission. In his newest volume on the subject,² Mr. Siepmann provides the most competent analysis and criticism of American radio to be found in print.

As Mr. Siepmann shows, the commercial broadcast rules the roost. Programs which are without sponsors, but which have the merit of conveying useful information or cultural entertainment to the listener, are shunted to unfavorable hours, when fewest listeners are likely to be at their radios, or are moved off the program schedule completely. They are accorded such treatment on the grounds that they are (1) expensive, (2) non-revenue-producing, (3) of interest only to a minority audience. Radio and television are inter-

¹ Berelson and Janowitz (Eds.): *Reader in Public Opinion and Communications*; The Free Press, Glencoe, Illinois; 1960; pp. 508; \$5.95.

² Charles A. Siepmann: *Radio, Television, and Society*; New York: Oxford University Press; 1960; pp. 396; \$5.50.

ested in maximizing the audience at all times, so that they can "deliver" more listeners or viewers to the advertiser. In America, almost everyone is considered a potential customer for almost every advertised product.

With a discussion of British and Canadian radio the author is not recommending alternatives, but is merely indicating that other methods of broadcasting are possible. In fact, in the world as a whole, the system of privately-operated radio, financed by advertising, is the exception. While suggesting that the BBC does err on the side of leaning too much in the direction of the cultural elite, he pays it tribute for consistently providing the listener with a diversity of programs:

"The BBC has not abdicated its responsibility, nor is it guilty of a cynical concession, through a desire for profits, to the selfishness of vested interests, the sovereignty of ignorance, or the tyranny of mass desires. It has honored, if unduly, its cultural minorities and thus has honored a fundamental principle of democratic life."

Far from suggesting that the United States should turn to the public corporation, or to Canada's mixed system, Mr. Siepmann emphasizes the sociological truism that each society must develop its own best communications system. The system of business enterprise and advertising is firmly established. Advertising provides radio and television with much more revenue than is available in any other country through licenses or taxation. At least some of this wealth has resulted in advantages to the listener. Technically, communications in the United States are the most advanced in the world, and the rate of advance is breathtaking. In 1945 there were 7,000 television receiving sets in the country; at the beginning of 1950 the number was approaching 4 million, and by the end of 1950 the number will have passed the 8 million mark. As these lines are written, the first color television programs are being broadcast in New York.

Within the framework of commercial stations, financed out of advertising, there is the possibility of improvement. Mr. Siepmann is an example of that rare critic who proceeds to concrete proposals. The basic advice he offers is borrowed from George Bernard Shaw: "Get what you want, or you will be forced to like what you get." Much responsibility rests with the listener, and with interested groups. They must express their views to the broadcaster frequently and forcibly, in the confidence that pressure of opinion can influence the media. Certainly he is right when he points to the unfortunate reaction of many an intellectual:

"Disgusted with radio, films, or press, they retire into a privacy, to which as members of modern society they are not entitled, and dissociate themselves from any concern with remedying admitted defects."

The machinery of mass communications is with us. No use burying our heads. It will be used in a manner designed either to assist the democratic process, or to manipulate the mass audiences for the callous commercial or political purposes of those who have no special fondness for democracy.

Mr. Siepmann refuses to accept the alternatives of either press and radio irresponsibility, or complete government control. He takes up the suggestion of the "Commission on Freedom of the Press" that radio and the press should be subjected to an annual audit. Methods of content analysis are now well understood at communications centres in a number of universities. An annual report would indicate progress or retrogression, and point to any striking cases in which the news was slanted, freedom of expression was denied, or in which the public interest was in other ways subverted for private advantage.

His careful study of free speech is worth the price of the book. To make radio free and keep it free will require the continuous thought of several Mr. Siepmanns, plus a lot more vigilance by Mr. Everybody. His standards are high, and we should aim for nothing less than the type of free speech he has in mind when he writes:

"To recognize ideas as dangerous—and to face the danger—is the mark of a free man and a free society. The rest, in their degree, are all authoritarians."

Of 3,000 radio stations in the United States, only 100 are non-commercial stations operating for the primary purpose of public enlightenment. These university, municipal, and state broadcasting units are also the weakest in the country in terms of wattage, and the poorest in terms of budget. In a careful study of education and radio, Mr. Siepmann offers a number of suggestions that may prove of value. The principal need is for money, and nothing less than generous federal grants for educational broadcasting can lead to any major gain.

Mr. Siepmann's book is a thorough study of radio in the United States, a study in depth. Yet it fails to provide a detailed examination of Who. Who are the broadcasters, and what are the implications of their influence on American society?

In society, the main prize for which men strive is power. Historically, individuals or groups have secured power through physical force, spiritual influence, or economic control. Usually it was some mixture of these, with one or other predominating. In the age of Mass Society, it becomes increasingly evident that the power of persuasion and the control of the means of persuasion are the prime prerequisites for getting and holding power. There is a hint of this in Mr. Siepmann's lines: "In previous ages men have been enslaved by brute force. The mass media make suppression possible by the subtler device of the debauchery of men's minds."

The idea has been more forcibly expressed by Franz Neumann: "The significance of persuasion grows with the growing complexity of society . . . There is little doubt that persuasion is a more efficient and cheaper exercise of political power than the employment of large police forces, armies and militias."

The first major historian of communications, Harold A. Innis,² offers a more general theory. The control of communications is seen as a monopoly of knowledge, whether exerted by the priests of Egypt, the monks of the middle ages, or the operators of television networks. The thesis that in all ages the control of knowledge and communications is a force tending to rigidity, where the process of social change demands flexibility, is worthy of careful consideration. Highly useful ideas about the unevenness of social progress may well develop from the suggestion that there is a "tendency of each medium of communication to create monopolies of knowledge to the point that the human spirit breaks through at new levels of society and on the outer fringes."

² H. A. Innis: *Empire and Communications*; Oxford, Clarendon Press; 1950; pp. 230; \$3.25.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please give old address as well when sending your change of address to the Circulation Dept. If your subscription has expired please renew now. Rates: One year \$3, Two years \$5.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

16 Huntley Street

Toronto 5, Canada

The Food They Gave Me

Clare McAllister

► "THERE YOU ARE!—five dollars a plate in New York!" my father always said, as he put onto my enamel plate a helping of sizzling rainbow trout, firm, pink-fleshed, straight from Kootenay Lake to the fry-pan over the hot coals of the campfire. Past experiences of a walloping first gulp never did deter me from burning my mouth again. Like my father's repeated remark about New York, it seemed even to add to the savor.

My father's intention was that we drop a tear for poor souls in New York who had to pay high prices for what we got "for free." In retrospect, it seems to me that many of the greatest delicacies of my Kootenay childhood came to us without benefit of purchase, in return for effort out-of-doors.

In addition to rainbows, which we caught on the fly or by trolling, there were the little speckled brooktrout, known as "redfish," for which we whipped the mountain torrents, the cold black pools among the granite boulders yielding dozens in the season. In the lake were salmon trout as well as rainbow. Rarely a huge "char" was routed from the depths, which provided a feast for many families. There were also whitefish in the lake. Unlike the residents of the prairies, who presumably have nothing better to eat, we scorned whitefish. There was a rumor among us children that Col. Armbrister's Chinese man-of-all-work ate whitefish, but we considered this, if true, to be a heathen peccadillo.

When so many rainbow trout were caught that it was unlikely they would keep, my mother pickled them. A bay-leaf, a clove, some onion, and a watered vinegar yielded, after a few days' steeping, a firm, cool, pink, tangy flesh that graced leaf lettuce and potato salad to perfection.

We had grouse and duck aplenty in the season. My mother's practice with grouse was to "turn them inside out." This was a method of removing guts, berry-filled crop, and feathered skin, in one operation. The principle underlying her deft motions I have never been able to grasp. As I ran after our yelping dog to retrieve the tumbled ball of feathers that was the grouse my father had just shot (always with a .22 caliber rifle), my sorrow for the warm rumped thing was always tempered by the thought of the fricassee to come.

As for ducks, specimens of canvas-back, redhead, teal, or mallard might usually be seen salted and tacked up on our boathouse wall. None of your French duck with orange, nor your tame spring duck with early green peas, was to our liking. A good fat fall wild duck, stuffed with apple and rubbed with butter, often formed our golden-brown Sunday fare. Compared with chicken, such a fowl has no drumsticks, and your drumstick is a great loss to the young; but, given that succulent breast, who would regret a mere leg?

A bear roast from up by the Molly Gibson or Silver King mine, or venison from the Slokan or '49 Creek or some other valley, came to our kitchen. My mother always rolled venison steaks in yellow cornmeal before they browned in the enamel cast-iron skillet with the broken handle. I remember more steaks and cutlets than venison roast. But I remember also how the wise deal with such roasts: "Venison roast, you got to be careful it doesn't get dry," my mother would say, while I watched her baste and baste and baste.

The bear who provided the meat of late fall had almost certainly fattened on the big, black, shining huckleberries,

twice as big and twice as good as Eastern blueberries. I fattened on huckleberries, too, whenever I could. Just before school-opening took us away from summer camp, some day after an evening when the Kokanee peaks had flamed garnet-colored in a near-frosty apple-green sunset, we would see some Indian canoes, with paddles flashing, coming down the lake. We would dash to the end of our boat-mooring float and wildly wave. Soon in would glide a canoe of painted dull blue-green canvas stretched on a pole frame, laden with an Indian family, and five-gallon coal-oil cans full of huckleberries from high mountain slopes.

Then there were huckleberries for lunch, and huckleberry pie for supper. That is, there was pie if enough dry pine-bark chips were collected from the beach to make up a "baking fire" in the old range. Since some of the berries were canned, one could look forward to next winter's delight of an absolutely black tongue and teeth, steeped in the once-summer-sun-warmed relish of huckleberry juices. Such a tongue might covertly be flickered at some innocent guest who had known only the acid red huckleberries of the coast.

Apples were as free as water at any season. All town homes had backyard apple trees whose yield was supplemented by later apples from friends' farms. The first green apple sauce, following a hiatus of strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries was as much an event as the first strawberry shortcake. It was inevitably served with gingerbread; my mother's gingerbread, of course, the only proper sort. This was not your pale tan slablike species, nor yet your richer sort with imbedded raisins, but light, highly spiced, and topped with a thickly incrustated mass of half-toasted sugar, to be eaten hot from the pan.

Apart from these early apples, I remember best those kept in a box nailed to the log wall of a cabin I used to visit. This was down by the rapids which boilingly drained 120 miles of lake, deep at the base of a mountain behind which the sun dropped at three o'clock on winter afternoons. It was good to sit by the base burner, reading a tattered copy of *Peck's Bad Boy*, and intermittently reach out an idle hand for a Gravenstein or Cox's orange pippin. No highly graded, carefully packed, cold-storage Macintosh Red will ever yield half their oozing juice and wealth of flavor.

In this same cabin I was served the world's best custard pies. Those who know only a bakery or restaurant or modern electric-stove-produced custard pie cannot imagine this as a food to be remembered. Their producer was a tiny English woman, about four feet high and nearly as wide. She was arrayed always in a clean print dress and blazingly white apron. Setting about to make the pie, she produced a large, blue, crockery bowl full of eggs that morning gathered from the barn. Each was broken neatly into an old saucer and rigidly inspected, not just by eye alone, but by a vigorous sniff of the pudgy nose. Enough eggs were accumulated to make a pie a good four inches deep. The result, popped into the oven of the wood-burning range, was a pie as humble as a perfectly baked potato, by simple virtue of its own inherent excellence.

Harking back to early summer, I remember also the asparagus. There seems now to be no asparagus in the town like the asparagus which grew on the bench above the lake. Nowadays even "fresh" market asparagus seems stringy and pale, whereas that on which I was reared was green throughout its length, with no noticeable fibre to mar its delicate tenderness. Because it was there for the cutting and not bought at fifty cents a pound, one had enough. There it lay in the large old tureen, unnumbered stalks mottled with the amber of drawn butter. It scarcely required

the addition of new potatoes in their tissue-thin jackets to make a meal.

Quantity unnumbered, enough to make enough, was the way we expected our garden stuff, just as we expected our wild food "for free." Take corn: when we had a corn boil on the beach we did not count out a careful few cobs for each expected child; we simply fetched in a few gunny sacks full of corn and went to it. The cobs were thrown under the outdoor table and nobody even bothered to boast that he had eaten six or eight. That number might afford a solid foundation on which to lay in a sufficiency.

When we went grouse-shooting up the Slokan valley, after the first fall rains, we were likely to run into a patch of mushrooms along some leaf-dappled trail. These were not the pallid pale pink-gilled field mushrooms, but the solid, rich-flavored shaggymane or umbrella mushroom. With a dollop of butter in the pan, one had enough mushrooms to overflow and provide another meal. Now I am lucky if I can provide a few for a garnish; in any case—alas—however many I might rashly buy, it is not the shaggymane, smelling of wet woods, redolent of memories of grouse and deer and running streams, but some scientifically reared, tepid-flavored fungus.

Why is it that one can never buy a ripe gooseberry in the best-appointed fruit specialty shop or super-market? Most people pucker their mouths at the very recollection of the gooseberry. My memory is of a quite different, because quite ripe, fruit. How often on drowsy July afternoons have I lain in long grass, a book before me, under the row of gooseberry bushes, eating their paradisaical fruit. These were large, pink fruits of the size of the biggest loganberry, of Japanese-lantern shape and translucency. One could nip a hole in one end and suck out the sweet, sun-warmed jelly within, as pensively as one might suck a lozenge, and with a more enduring satisfaction. For the pleasures of the shuddering sour, gooseberries were not the thing, but raw rhubarb with salt sprinkled on the stalk, surely a tonic of the best.

Actually, I suppose, the most-relished thing I ate in my childhood was not anything they gave me at all, but some hard, dry cheese intended to bait the trap should any mice appear to gnaw the stored potatoes of the cellar. On winter Sundays, after Sunday School and a mere bite of lunch, I and my friends were allowed to go coasting. Hauling the bobbed up a steep hill and flying down was a hungry play. I got back home cold, with wet mittens, and with an appetite that was a violently gnawing pain. Food I beseeched of my mother (say a bit of raisin-studded spice cake, kept in the disused oven of the gas stove) was denied with the statement no child ever believes, "You'll spoil your dinner, it'll be ready soon anyhow." So, leaving the kitchen's too far-off promise, I would sadly wander to the back pantry. There, in the bottom drawer, beside the spare paper bags, were placed the cheese-rinds relegated to the mice. Munching on these, a gorgeous well-being flooded my person. I was warm. I could believe, with my mother, that dinner would be ready soon.

I find no such hors-d'oeuvres now, wherever I may anticipate a feast!

SAMPLE COPIES—We will be glad to send sample copies of this issue to your friends. Subscribers are invited to send us five names and addresses.



Nothing could be more dangerous or damaging, than for the United States to become involved in a costly struggle with the Chinese people, whose country does not even offer profitable targets for our only major weapon, the atomic bomb. (Halifax Herald)

Walter Thomson, newly elected leader of Ontario Liberals, . . . declared: ". . . I'm a farmer and I know that if you want to judge an animal you have to put him in the show ring. I am ready, able and willing to get into that show ring and help Ontario Liberals back into Queen's Park and re-establish democracy in Ontario." (Globe and Mail)

Ranjit's faith, and his years of coaching Pantapros [of Vancouver] paid off Friday when "Pants" was the only Canadian chosen on the Ontario Rugby Football Union all-star team. The other 11 were American imports. (Vancouver Daily Province)

Mr. J. T. Thwaites, . . . a scientist with the Canadian Westinghouse Company in his address, "Science and Living," . . . explained that a scientist friend in Russia communicated with him about the low standard of living there. Both scientists held the view that if 100,000 Eaton's catalogues could be distributed in Russia, the people would revolt against their masters. (Ottawa Evening Citizen)

The publisher of The Globe and Mail and The Telegram also came under the fire of Dr. [T. T.] Shields. "Let us all pray for his conversion," he asked. "If he could be converted, it would remove one of the greatest moral handicaps of this city." (Globe and Mail)

The Canadian Press . . . believes solely in the merit system in setting wages. Any defined pattern of minimum wages as demanded by the [American Newspaper] Guild would do harm to the individualistic efforts required of employees. (Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of a six months' subscription goes to Fred Young, Halifax, N.S. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

Thumbprint

One of the books available in the Central Circulating branch of The Toronto Public Library is C. A. Lejeune's *Chestnuts in Her Lap*. On the card in the pocket at the back of the book this title is "written up," as the Library calls it, as *Chestnuts in Her Hair*.

Freudian scholars please note.

The Novels of Henry Green

Robert L. Weaver

► HENRY GREEN is the pseudonym adopted some twenty years ago by Henry Vincent Yorke. Yorke (Green) was born into an upper-class English family, educated at Eton and Oxford, and is now the managing director of a London firm. This skimpy biography is all that *Time* magazine was able to ferret out for its readers, and little is added, not only in the way of factual information but also with respect to ideas and beliefs, by *Pack My Bag*, a curiously abstract and unrevealing book which Green served up just before the war as a partial autobiography. Green seems deliberately to have adopted the role of mystery man, and he holds himself apart from literary society in England. Occasionally, however, he does pose for publicity shots—but always with his back to the camera or his hands folded neatly in front of his face!

Since he first began publishing books (in 1928 when he was about twenty-three years old), Green's novels have been available in Canada, but it is only since *Loving* appeared

in the United States a year or so ago that his work has received much attention on this continent. Some American critics immediately began to tout him as a great writer and the precursor of a whole new school of novelists. This makes it necessary to say at once that Green is, at least on the evidence to date, a minor novelist. I do not mean to imply, of course, by this judgment that his work is without value; there are, after all, few enough major figures at any time, and there has been no writer of this stature in England since D. H. Lawrence died twenty years ago. Green has some fresh and interesting abilities; but his range is narrow, there are elements lacking in his work which seem to me fundamental, and although all his books have been kept deliberately small in scope and length, he is still an uneven writer. Whatever his final reputation may be, however, Green provides such a typical example of something which has been happening to English writers in recent years that he deserves close attention.

The first of Green's eight novels, *Blindness*, which was written while he was still at university, is difficult to obtain, and I have never read it. His second novel, *Living*, is about factory workers in a Birmingham suburb, who have been trapped by the depression and their own limited horizons; and it also deals with the various levels of management, including the family which owns the business. Green picked up the background material for this book when he worked for a time in a Birmingham factory, after he had grown "bored" with Oxford. Critics have praised *Living* as an objective record of life in a working-class district, and Green's detachment and lack of condescension have come in for special mention. The novel has these merits, but I think that they have been partly gained at the expense of other, and not insignificant, possibilities. Walter Greenwood's *Love on the Dole*, a novel of a different temper about much the same kind of people and circumstances, has things to offer which Green never really touches in *Living*. Specifically, Greenwood brought to *Love on the Dole* a feeling of commitment and compassion.

Both Green's early novels were written during the late twenties. Then, after a silence of nearly a decade, he published *Party Going*, a description of a group of rootless, sophisticated men and women who have been stranded for part of a night by fog in a London railway station as they are about to set out for a holiday on the continent. The pettiness of their annoyance and the shallowness of their intrigues are set off by the illness of an elderly servant, and by the fact that war is already near at hand. Despite these attempts to give *Party Going* some depth, however, it seems to me one of the weakest of Green's novels—a book fully as trivial, monotonous and meaningless as the people and the incident the author has undertaken to describe.

The three novels of Green's "middle period" deal with the war and its aftermath, and it is in these books that his best work is to be found. *Caught* is about the members of London's fire fighting service (an organization in which Green served as a volunteer) during the 1940 blitz, and it has an involved sub-plot concerning the kidnapping, by a woman who is a mental case, of the protagonist's young son. *Living* describes life in a castle in neutral Ireland during the war; the intrigues and the struggle for status which occupy the servants; the adultery of the daughter-in-law of the castle's owner; the confused sense of alienation and guilt which infects all these people—most of whom, masters and servants alike, are English—cut off from their own country during a time of tragedy and war. *Back* is about a soldier, Charley, returned from five years in prison camp, who refuses to accept the fact that Rose, the woman he once loved, is dead; who persists in the delusion that Rose's half-sister

is in fact Rose herself; and who is eventually brought to the beginning of the long road back to a cure. *Back* has just been published in the United States for the first time.

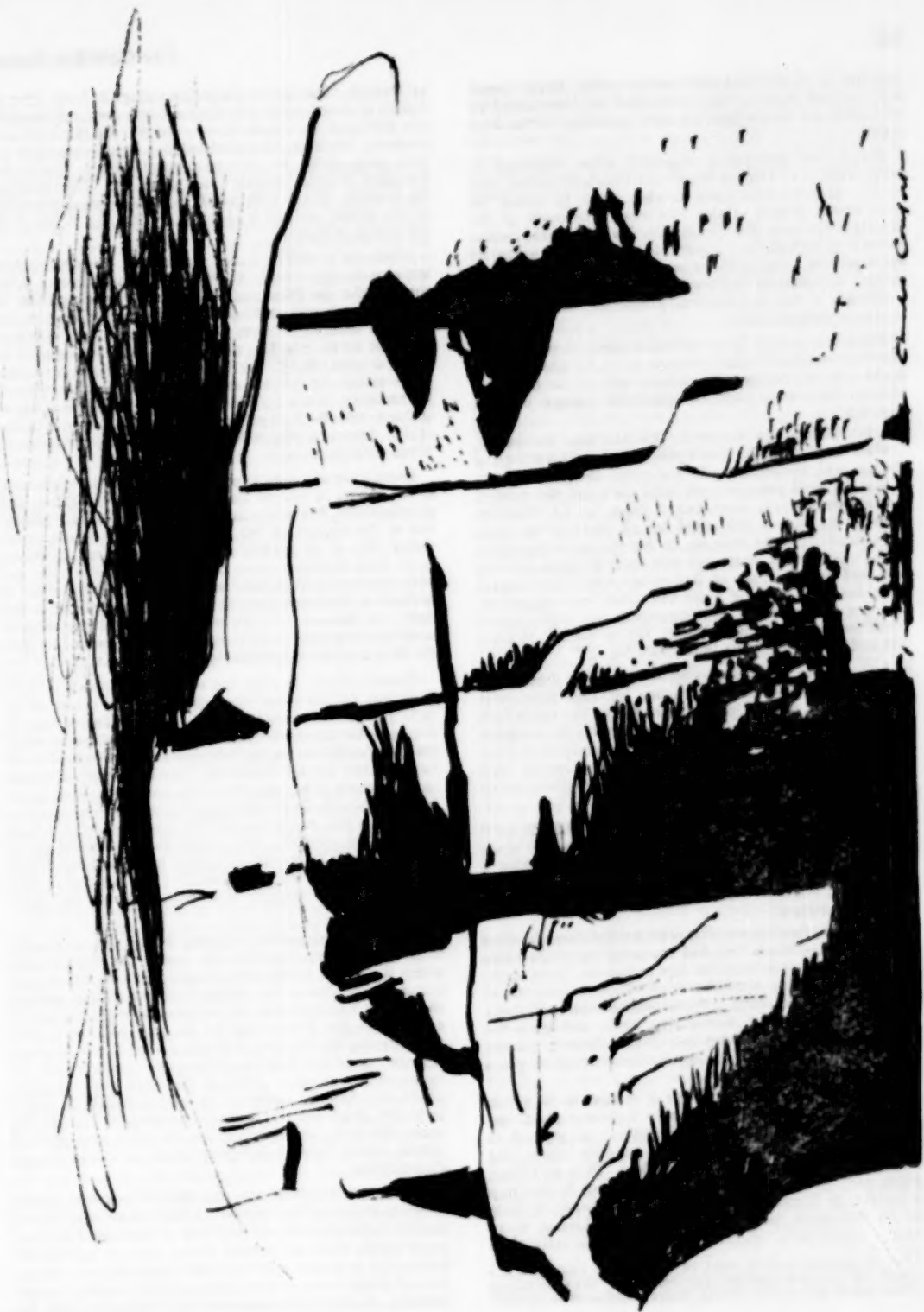
Concluding, which was published two years ago, is Green's nightmarish and difficult-to-follow novel about England of the future: the welfare state gone hopelessly bureaucratic, sour, and antiseptic; *Nineteen Eighty-Four* in a minor and quite different key. Green's blending of realism and a symbol-clothed, trance-like world of fears and obsessions has reminded some critics of Kafka, and it is in *Concluding*—with *Caught* a close second—that this similarity is most pronounced. *Nothing*,¹ Green's most recent novel, is about two middle-aged former lovers, the engagement of their children, the breaking of the engagement (which is largely engineered by the parents), and the marriage of the elders. Like *Party Going*, *Nothing* can properly be described, in Green's own words, as a "frivolous comedy of manners"; again like the earlier novel, it seems to me to have come out of Green's bottom drawer. Quick, witty, and sardonic, an often brilliant exercise in the use of dialogue, *Nothing* is at the same time chill and heartless, and because of his refusal to adopt a point of view, Green's intention is finally blurred and even his wit suspended in a vacuum. Is *Nothing* simply an attack on modern youth, a generation neurotic, joyless, and puritanical, according to Green's view? But if this is so, Green is attacking a generation formed in large part by its predecessors, and since he describes the older generation as shallow with regard to sex and coldly mocking and irresponsible in relation to its children, it is difficult to see how he can come down in whole conscience on the parents' side.

So much for Henry Green's novels in brief outline. On this continent Green's reputation is based to a large degree on his use of language and symbols. Introducing Green to readers of *Partisan Review* (May 1949 issue), the young English novelist and critic, Philip Toynbee, identified him as one of the "Terrorists . . . those writers who confront their language as a wrestler confronts his adversary." "Such diverse writers," Mr. Toynbee explained, "as Thomas Wolfe and Virginia Woolf, Henry Miller, and Henry Green may be grouped in this context under the banner of James Joyce."

The experiments with language, Green's "terrorism," began in *Living*. This novel is composed for the most part of a succession of short, simple sentences—"telegraphese"; the definite article is frequently omitted, and adverbs are occasionally used for adjectives; there are abrupt shifts in point of view and from one incident or character to another; and Green depends heavily for effects upon inversion, repetition and redundancy. At the very beginning of his career, Green was evidently determined to bring new life to the language, and a greater depth to what were still essentially the methods and the materials of realism, no matter how arbitrary his experiments might have to be. To follow Mr. Toynbee's image: he wasted no time trying to get a headlock on his formidable adversary.

Although *Living* was a not unimpressive novel (especially in view of its author's age), Green's experiments with technique were neither entirely useful nor altogether consistent. It is difficult, for instance, to regard the definite article as quite such a menace to the language; and Green's decisions to use or reject it do not always appear logical. His use of repetition also seems to lack an overall plan, while some of the inversions—a favorite device in *Living*—are not so much

¹ *Nothing*, by Henry Green; Clarke, Irwin (Hogarth); pp. 247; \$1.75.



Charles Chubb

revealing as merely awkward and annoying. Green apparently realized that the experiments had not been uniformly successful, for he modified his style somewhat in the later novels.

But he has remained a mannered writer, successor in many respects to Virginia Woolf and Elizabeth Bowen. And he has remained vulnerable to what might be called the occupational hazard of this particular sub-branch of the literary profession. For throughout his career, Green has found it altogether too tempting to abandon the matter of his novels in pursuit of figures of speech which, however striking they may be in their own right, eventually lead to a diffusion of the very emotion or idea they were intended to convey more precisely.

There is a passage in *Living* which seems to me to illustrate this weakness (other passages could be selected from the later novels, but since Green twice uses this set of images within a dozen or so pages, this particular example is worth quoting):

"Miss Glossop was downcast. We have seen her feeling, when she thought of Tom Tyler, had been like a tropical ocean with an infinite variety of color. As her boat came near dry land you could see coral reefs and the seaweed where in and out went bright fishes, as her thoughts turned to him so you could see all these in her eyes. Further out, in the deep sea, in her deeper feeling about him when he was away, now and again dolphins came up to feed on the surface of that ocean. And in her passage she disturbed shoals of flying fish. These were the orchestration of her feelings, so transparently her feeling lapped him and her thoughts, in shoals, fed on the top, or hung poised for two moments in the shallows . . ."

And so on—for two more paragraphs. And in these paragraphs Miss Glossop and her feeling for Tom Tyler have ceased to exist; or so at least it seems to me. The eye follows the images: we see the fish, the coral reefs, the seaweed, the dolphins feeding; but in the end our awareness of Miss Glossop's mood is no deeper than it was after the bald statement of the first sentence. This is something which happens too frequently in all of Green's novels.²

Yet mannered writing can of course pay dividends, as it does for Green perhaps most consistently in the later novel *Loving*. Here is a brief paragraph from that novel which, I think, shows Green's writing at its best—at once exuberant and wistful, brilliant with color and feeling, as carefully designed as a poem:

"They were wheeling, wheeling in each other's arms heedless at the far end where they had drawn up one of the white blinds. Above from a rather low ceiling five great chandeliers swept one after the other almost to the waxed parquet floor, reflecting in their hundred thousand drops the single sparkle of distant day, again and again red velvet panelled walls, and two girls, minute in purple, dancing multiplied to eternity in these trembling pears of glass."

Green uses two dominant groups of symbols in his novels—birds and flowers. Birds evidently represent flight, the urge towards independence, the individual as opposed to the social impulses. Flowers mean the opposite: return, and some sense of identification with society. Thus in *Living*, where most of the characters are attempting in one way or another to escape from the frustrations imposed on them by the depression, birds are everywhere. In *Loving*, where Ireland represents a relative freedom from the restrictions

of wartime, but where alienation and guilt keep alive a feeling of identification with England, both groups of symbols can be found. In *Caught* flowers and fire are the dominant symbols; for here the individual has been submerged, at least temporarily, by circumstances. In *Back*, specifically the novel of return, flowers (and the lost girl, Rose) provide the symbols. And in *Concluding*, that disillusioned prophecy of the future, we find a tame goose: the bird deprived of the power of flight.

While the symbols are used for purposes of contrast, they are also closely related. At the conclusion of *Living*, Lily, the girl who has attempted to flee her surroundings only to be driven back with an illegitimate child to care for, watches a pigeon strutting in front of her baby, and then suddenly drives it away. For Lily's experience must be counted as evidence that flight, the search for independence, ends often enough in a bitter return, an identification enforced by necessity. Similarly *Back*, the novel of return, may be suffused with flowers; yet in *Concluding*, where society has at last become everything, the bird re-appears with its wings clipped.

Green's use of a wide range of characters and backgrounds in his novels is one of his most impressive abilities, but paradoxically, it is in precisely this area that we can discover one of the reasons for his failure to develop into a major writer. For of all modern novelists Green must be among those most obviously concerned with class distinctions and with the status of individuals within a specific class or profession. And as Lionel Trilling has pointed out in his essay on *Manners, Morals and the Novel*, "the English novel in its special concern with class does not . . . explore the deeper layers of personality."

Green's interest in class and status is noticeable as early as *Living*. In this novel, when the son of the owner of the factory begins to assume authority after his father falls ill, a struggle for status immediately begins in the London office, and is repeated among the foremen and the workers in the factory itself. In this novel, too, there is an interesting passage in which Green describes how one of the men in the factory, through frustration, has recently become a regular visitor in a pub where some of the other men have been in the habit of meeting. "Mr. Gates went to public house, where already Tupe was . . . Soon came in more friends of his, all laborers like Tupe himself. (This was loss of caste for Gates to be perpetually with them, as he was step above a laborer.) . . ."

As for the other novels, in *Loving* the new butler, Raunce, tries to perpetuate the hierarchy among the servants over which the former butler had presided; and the struggle for status begins. One of the central themes of *Caught* explores the rivalry which springs up between the regular members of London's fire service and the wartime volunteers; Pye, a regular who has been put in charge of a group of volunteers, is acutely conscious that his new position carries with it the threat of loss of caste. *Back* is concerned with Charley's efforts to regain his status in society; although, it should be added, *Back* has also a deeper meaning, and is for this reason the most interesting, if not the most successful, of Green's novels. In *Concluding* status has of course become all-important.

For the novelist of manners like Henry Green, this method of characterization has certain obvious advantages. Yet it has the large disadvantage that few of his characters have much depth. They are created almost entirely through the medium of dialogue—further evidence that Green's conception of them is an external one; and they lack physical presence. In one of his few revealing remarks in *Pack My*

² For an extended analysis, based on a passage in *Caught*, of this aspect of Green's writing, see Isaac Rosenfeld's "The Case Against Pure Sensibility," in *The Kenyon Review*, Summer 1950.

Bag Green says that "All through my life I have been plagued by enjoying first experiences too much . . . (and also) first experiences of new people." Here Green himself has put his finger on one of his limitations as a novelist.

Today most of the serious writers in England have a much surer grasp of technique than the vast majority of their American contemporaries (just as, for example, London's *New Statesman and Nation* is written with more style than the *New York Nation*). Yet postwar England has no novelist quite in the first rank; no novelist of the stature of, say, William Faulkner, or as I have already mentioned, D. H. Lawrence. Bloomsbury has triumphed; and despite the charm and facility of so many of the present generation of English writers, despite the fact that they have managed to escape most of the unfortunate tendencies to be found in current American fiction, something is still lacking in their work. In the case of Henry Green, I think that it is possible to say quite precisely what is missing: he has, essentially, no compassion. This lack of compassion, it should be noted, is something fundamental enough to make any other weaknesses he may have appear small by comparison.

On the Air

Allan Sangster

► THOSE OF YOU who read this column, or the public prints in either rural or urban centres, are doubtless familiar with the ceaseless and distorted and vicious campaign which the Canadian Association of Broadcasters maintains against publicly-owned radio in general, and against the CBC in particular.

This is a digression, but remember, next time you read an anti-CBC editorial in the *Stouffville Tribune* or the *Chilliwack Gazette* or wherever, that the chances are at least fifty-fifty it was inspired by, perhaps even written by, some competent hack on the CAB's salary list.

One of the pillars of the CAB campaign has always been the private stations' professed devotion to the ideals of public service broadcasting. "My," they say in effect, "if we were only free, uncluttered and unhampered by the nasty old CBC, what miracles of public service we could accomplish."

Well, here are a few facts which have a pleasant irony all their own. CFRB, as you probably know, is the Columbia Broadcasting System's affiliate in Toronto. This means that, in this area, CFRB has priority on CBS programs—among them the Sunday broadcasts of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. This season, CFRB has not cared to present the Philharmonic, nor has it, until recently, cared to clear it unconditionally to the CBC for presentation in this area. The result has been that while the Philharmonic has been on the Trans-Canada Network since October twenty-second, when the orchestra resumed broadcasting, it has not been available to listeners in the Toronto area. CFRB, according to Harry Boyle (Director of the T-C Network), was willing to release the program to CBL, but would give no firm undertaking not to recall it at any time and put it on its own transmitter. This might happen, of course, at any time when the advertisers to whom CFRB had sold the Philharmonic's time decided to cancel or failed to renew, and such an arrangement was not satisfactory to Mr. Boyle.

Well, the uncertainty has now been cleared up. The local station is, apparently, secure in its commercial contracts, and has released the Philharmonic unconditionally to CBL.

You can hear it there, commencing on December thirty-first. So there you have it—our biggest and most powerful private station, fired by an urge for public service, fills its Sunday afternoons with a grisly assortment of commercial tripe, while the much maligned CBC is at last free to bring to the two million people in this area one of the continent's greatest orchestras.

As an ex-music critic of no standing except among musicians, we were happy to hear, on a recent *Opportunity Knocks* final, that the composer's prize for the current series had been awarded to Walter Kaufmann, now of Winnipeg, for his *Caprice for Orchestra*.

In this column, exactly three years ago, we had occasion to mention Mr. Kaufmann with approval—the first occasion, we think, on which he had received critical notice in the national press of this country. We heard him, by chance, on what was then the routine afternoon recital from Halifax, playing one of his own compositions, *Strange Town at Night*. We liked the piece, which was not routine; we recommended it "to listeners and especially to pianists."

Since then Mr. Kaufmann has been diligently and deservedly climbing the ladder—his works have been played by the country's orchestras, he himself has become conductor of the Winnipeg Symphony and has kept right on composing. It is good to be able to report that his present prize-winning work, *Caprice for Orchestra*, is most everything which a caprice should be—pleasant, musical, and capricious.

While we're listening to the Knocking of Opportunity we might note that this Dominion Network show has now completed two series in Toronto (twenty-six weeks) and has moved back to Montreal. We might also do a little knocking of our own and suggest that the standard of performance, the overall quality, has been slumping badly in this fall's series. It seems that not only have the contestants been less good, but that a higher percentage than formerly have been honky-tonk or night-club types—in other words, "popular" musicians. We haven't counted, we can't back this opinion with figures, but it seems so. It also seems that the quality of writing and production has fallen—the aimed-at spontaneity and sparkle are about as labored and phony as they well can be. Let's hope that the move back to Montreal will bring an improvement in all departments, for, in principle, the idea behind *Opportunity Knocks* is sound and should be capable of producing good radio.

As a practising long-hair or square, as a critic of—some say—more than average or necessary asperity, it is probably some sort of surrender to admit that I get constant pleasure from the work of Howard Cable (Robin Hood's Musical Kitchen). True, in this particular chore Mr. Cable is seldom called upon for anything too recondite, majestic, or searching. But, whatever he does, Howard Cable never forgets the one thing which many Canadian conductors give little evidence of ever having known. Namely, that most music should be pleasant and charming, even entrancing, in the hearing.

Before we leave these musical figures we must announce an award. This token, which consists of one Little Gem Handy Dandy Uplift, is given from time to time to the most consistently flat singer on the Canadian air. On this occasion it goes, with our compliments, to Mr. Rudy Hanson, currently flattening his way through Toni Singalong.

Even at this late date (presented as it was on Wednesday, November first, it came just too late for last month's column)

I cannot help wondering about Mr. Allan Anderson's anthology *Night*. Not about the idea's value or about Mr. Anderson's part in it, but about the production. Surely far too many of those readers, for far too much of the time, were reading stick-in-the-muddishly, with far too little regard for either the sound or the sense of what they were reading? One cannot help thinking that in the proper hands—as for example Andrew Allan's—the whole piece might have come to life and *glowed* as it obviously could have done, and as it did not on that occasion.

And that leads to another wonder—why has Mr. Allan's name been so markedly absent from the roster of Wednesday Night producers? This season he has been free of the commercial commitment which kept him off Wednesday Nights last year—and what happens? He made a brief and excellent "personal" appearance as guide to the Edinburgh Festival; he produced one show—*Vespers in Vienna*. Surely this is very little to have heard from our outstanding producer, with the season half gone.

• • •

Finally, let me wish you all, readers, friends and enemies in and out of radio, as Happy a New Year as it is possible to envision from here. "From warlocks and particles, long-chainedy reactions and all things that go boom in the night, Good Lord deliver us."

Dead Meat

(SHORT STORY)

Pamela Lee

► "DEAD MEAT." That's what he'd say when he came through the door. And the diamond on his little finger would catch the light as he waved his hand—short, stubby fingers, nicotine stains, pappy palms. And the cigar smoke would make a blue spiral up to the ceiling.

He'd stand there, feet apart, sure of himself . . . God. That's the way I wanted him to be, sure of himself. He'd take off his clothes slowly, then pull his pyjamas over the fat ball of his stomach, and roll into bed.

For four weeks I'd been planning. I knew what those muffled voices meant. Johnny Carter was there—I'd let him in. He was big, with dark eyes and a battered nose. Johnny Carter, Billy Turner, Sammy Rattigan. It didn't matter. Not to Sol. Dead Meat Sol they called him. He knew when a boy was through. And now Johnny was through. From now on he fought for the bookies. Sol was asking him to throw his next fight. He'd use him—like a punch bag—to train the other Johnny Carters. And Johnny would stand there, look at Sol, not believe him. I knew his tribe—tough, broken faces, and underneath soft, bewildered; a bunch of sport page clippings in a drawer in a rooming house, a bunch of dreams about the things their fists would buy them. Sure, I'd sneered too, they were the suckers. O.K. one of them might come out on top, that was swell—for Sol and me—the kid's purse would be well carved up.

I'd forgotten. Yeah, I'd forgotten . . . so much. Funny what easy living will do for you. That was until four weeks ago. I'd taken a run down East with Sol, to a boy's club to see a boxing bout, Sol often found a likely there. Case-hardened kids battering each other round the ring—bloody, puckered faces—little apes out of the city's jungle.

Directly I got in, I remembered. They'd changed the name, but the place was the same. I looked around at the men and the few odd women. I knew some of the faces. And the yelling kids standing up in their seats like as if time'd

stood still—but they were the kids of the kids I'd known. I could pick them out. That'd be Lil's and that one Jack's and . . . no, nothing changed, a different generation, but the same blood . . . and the same Sol.

Yes, he'd been the smart alec then, blue suits and flashy ties, and some gal hanging around. Different gals, different names, but always the same fat breasts and big buttocks. Sol liked 'em that way. And me? I was slim. Slim? Skinny. Who wouldn't be? The Old Man in his room with a bottle . . . but that story's too old. Nothing was going to stop me getting places. Chuck too. Chuck was my brother. We were buddies. Wood in the kitchen range, no dollars for coal, french-fries and hot cocoa. He was good to me. When he first started out in bum dives he always had something for me, never mind how small the purse. He'd talk about the pretty dresses he'd buy, the swell apartment we'd have in the centre of town. He was easy, was Chuck. Ambitious—but too kind—they said he was dumb, with his wide smile that started in his eyes, but Chuck wasn't dumb—just too kind. He was the big noise with kids. They were nuts on him.

Chuck wanted to impress Sol because Sol was in the know. Sol came round to the house. Sure, he'd manage Chuck. It was investment, a dead cert to pay off. Big talk. Sol looked my way too, even if my buttocks were tiny and round and hard. Sol said he liked 'em that way. So . . . I was wrong.

Sol wasn't so old himself, but he knew the fight game, strictly the quick dollar school.

Chuck was on the way up when I moved in with Sol. He didn't like the set-up, but who was he to say? And I'd waited too long for my Fifth Avenue gowns.

Sol taught me. Taught me to use everything. Even my own brother. Taught me to value the dollar above everything. And I learnt quickly. Learnt to be tough, learnt to stand and watch Chuck, Chuck dumb, honest, fighting on his knees, reeling, falling, but going on because that was his way. Learnt not to ask what became of him, if he had money, if he was making out. Yes, it was easy to learn. I never saw what happened afterwards. They came and they went—and Sol and I got fat.

I never saw until I left the Club that night and waited for Sol to get the car. It was snowing. The flakes bit at my face, and I pressed back against the window of a café. The glass was steamy, but I could look through. No one was eating or drinking. Three men with grubby aprons sat at the back playing cards. Two soda fountain girls stood sniggering. I followed their eyes. And I saw him. He wore a cap and a cheap, thin overcoat, and his gray trousers were torn. He didn't stop moving, not even to blow his nose. While one hand fumbled with a handkerchief, the other made ineffectual passes at the air and then backwards, forwards lightly—lightly on the balls of his feet. A born boxfighter. Feinting with his left, jabbing with his right, weaving, ducking. Just an old punch drunk. Laugh, laugh—why didn't I laugh? It was like a dreadful caricature, like the memory of a nightmare come back. Suddenly he looked up and saw the sniggers, and he tried to straighten his cap, tried to keep upright, tried to steady his hands. Heroic, proud, useless gestures. He weaved his way to the door, tugged, stood for a second as the windblown snow hit his face, then staggered out. He brushed past me unseeing . . . and Sol was tooting the horn.

Slowly, painfully I got in the car. I felt as if a dozen broken faces were pressing in on me. All I could hear was the thud, thud, thud of gloves on flesh. This was my hell, and as I flinched I knew that Sol should share it.

And so now I'm waiting. Waiting for Johnny to go. Waiting for Sol to come in. And if I should hesitate, if I should draw back—I'll remember. Remember the figure feinting and ducking through the night before the snow closed in and hid him, hid my brother Chuck.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► WAR PICTURES as we know them have generally been of two kinds: documentaries, and melodramas. The documentaries have usually followed the fortunes of one ship or one group of men, either army or air force, through a single operation or part of it—*Last Chance, In Which We Serve, Target for Tonight*; and their tone has been one of pseudo-scientific objectivity. The melodramas have attempted to be equally significant by starting out with individuals as heroes and villains, starting them off on a series of hair-raising adventures, and ending up with the same individuals, practically unchanged, being rewarded or punished according to their position on either side of an ideological fence. Some war films, notably *Open City*, have combined the virtues of both methods of approach and produced remarkably good propaganda pictures, whose one signal weakness has been the total depravity of their ideological bad guys. Documentaries and melodramas alike have started out with an idea and used individuals or groups to illustrate or embody it. Most of these pictures have been good box-office, either because we approved of the basic idea, or because the adventures were so absorbing—or both.

What the movies seem to have missed out on, up till now, has been what libraries usually classify as "World War II: Personal Narratives." This is not entirely surprising, since the tone of most personal war experiences tends to be quiet and conversational, however hair-raising the incidents, and is not as a rule calculated to glamorize anybody's role in war. The whole tradition of war pictures has been away from the individual and toward emotional and formal stylization; the early example of Milestone's *All Quiet on the Western Front* has been totally ignored.

Now, however, with the Herbert Wilcox-Anna Neagle production of Jerrard Ticknell's *Odette* we can see what can be done with care and sincerity to make an individual story comprehensible and convincing, even absorbing, without raising the voice to a shout or parroting the platitudes of propaganda. *Odette Sansom* was, or rather is, a Frenchwoman living in London who in 1942 responded to an appeal from the Naval Intelligence service for holiday snapshots of the French coast. As the result of an interview with an officer of the Special Forces, *Odette* consented to return to France as a British agent. She was landed on the coast from a small fishing boat, and proceeded to get in touch with her superior officer, Captain Peter Churchill. After assessing her value, Churchill gave her her first dangerous assignment—to secure the plans of the naval dockyard at Marseilles. She was successful, in a markedly unspectacular manner, and became *persona grata* among the veteran British agents. In the long run, however, she was captured, "interrogated" by the Gestapo, and sent to Ravensbrück to await execution. Unlike most of the agents who were more or less in *Odette's* position, fate was unexpectedly kind. The Nazis believed her statement that she was Captain Peter Churchill's wife, and therefore a relative of Winston; and at the end of the war she was surrendered to the Americans by the commandant of Ravensbrück himself. This is substantially the story that is told by the film *Odette*; Anna

Neagle is amazingly persuasive in the title role; the supporting cast is particularly good, especially Marius Goring as the German chief of intelligence, and Peter Ustinov as the lumbering young radio technician, Arnaud.

The most remarkable thing about *Odette*, however, is its quiet, level, unpretentious tone; and the total credibility of its characters. Something more, perhaps, might have been suggested. *Odette Churchill* herself remarked that by far the worst ordeal, worse even than the tearing out of her fingernails and toenails and the branding of her spine with a red-hot poker, was the months of solitary confinement in a dark and grossly overheated cell. To keep her mind occupied, she says, she tried to picture the London house she had been living in; and room by room she refurnished it. She made rag dolls out of scraps of cloth; she held imaginary conversations with people she hadn't seen for years; she managed to keep her sanity. Now, what we usually mean when we say "What was it like?" is not so much curiosity about external events or places, but an eagerness to know what dangers of the mind there were, what stresses on the personality, and how they were met. This is the sort of question that books like *Odette* and, say, the Pickersgill letters, go some way in answering. And this is the sort of question that movies on the war commonly leave completely unanswered. What makes *Odette* a comparatively rare experience in films is precisely that alteration in the personality of *Odette* herself—faintly enough suggested, but still suggested. The total impact of this picture is not to impress us with the truth or rightness of what *Odette* and others like her were doing throughout the war; nor even to suggest that that particular kind of courage and endurance was naturally a monopoly of the right-thinking Allies; but to make us wonder at and respect the determination and durability of the human personality. *Odette* is an unusual picture.

Recordings

Milton Wilson

► IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY Mozart was hardly a problem, but he puzzled many of his contemporaries and he sometimes puzzles us. W. J. Turner's famous essay of the early twenties crystallized that sense of mystery without explaining much of it. A partial explanation is Mozart's combination of an apparently narrow idiom with a remarkably unrestricted range of expression. (Bach, with a wider idiom, says fewer things.) The Mozart enthusiast is liable, perhaps, to be shocked when Tovey says, in his remarkable essay on the *G Minor Symphony*, that "the language of the opening . . . is much the same as that of the overture Rossini used for the *Barbiere* . . . It is hardly possible to say that its mysterious agitated accompaniment of divided violas makes it much more complicated than the *Barbiere* opening with its coarse little accompaniment in repeated chords"; particularly after he has already found it "quite impossible to exaggerate the depth and power of Mozart's thought." But Tovey is justified in pointing out that Mozart's idiom always has its roots in that of *opera buffa*, whether he is writing *Figaro*, the *G Minor Symphony* or even the *Requiem*. The mild influence of German polyphony and folk-tunes hardly modifies this fact. The result is that we all think we can recognise Mozart when we hear him, and yet are constantly surprised by what we hear.

Nowhere is this surprising variety more apparent than in the operas. We may attribute the immense gap between *Don Giovanni* and *The Magic Flute* to the different operatic

form and language until we look at *The Abduction from the Seraglio*, which is just as much a German Singspiel as *The Magic Flute* but affects us very differently. London FFRK has given us an excellent opportunity to listen carefully to *The Abduction* by issuing a complete recording (with some spoken dialogue cuts) by the Vienna State Opera under Joseph Krips on three LP records.

The youthful sweetness and exuberance of *The Abduction* are probably unique in opera, where other moods are easier to establish and far easier to sustain. In *Figaro* the love music is either adolescent (Cherubino), mature and somewhat self-conscious (Figaro, the Count and Susanna) or bitter-sweet (the Countess); in *Don Giovanni* it is seductive (the Don), naive and foolish (Zerlina and Masetto), indignant and thwarted (Donna Elvira) or weakly passive (Don Ottavio); in *Così fan Tutti* it seems closer to that in *The Abduction*, but the strong current of satire makes a noticeable difference; Tamino and Pamina in *The Magic Flute* are closest of all to Belmonte and Konstanze but lack much of their exuberant rhetoric. Similar differences are apparent if we compare the suspicious, dangerous, but absurdly pompous and amorous Omin in *The Abduction* with Mozart's other male comic characters. Leporello and Papageno belong in different worlds. The sheer delight and gusto with which Mozart presents Omin fit him into the prevailingly youthful mood of *The Abduction*, written when he was twenty-five, a year before his marriage.

It is of this opera that Emperor Joseph remarked: "Too fine for our ears and a tremendous number of notes, my dear Mozart"; to which Mozart made his famous reply, "Exactly as many, your majesty, as are necessary." Although no doubt Mozart was right, so also was the Emperor. We are sometimes told that Mozart was an economical composer, but *The Abduction* is delightfully diffuse, repetitious and full of apparently irrelevant fireworks. Konstanze's famous *Martens aller Arten* is a virtuoso concerto for voice and orchestra; a number of the arias and concerted numbers (Omin's aria, No. 2; Pedrillo's romance No. 18; the finale, No. 21) persistently repeat the same tune in a succession of stanzas; and the orchestra strains its resources to illustrate the non-existent complexities of an awkwardly naive little story. The result is much the happiest opera I know.

The new London FFRK recording is a more than adequate presentation of the work. Both Walter Ludwig as Belmonte and Wilma Lipp as Konstanze have delightfully fresh and flexible voices, which blend magnificently in the duet *Welch ein Geschick!*, which climaxes the opera. Endre Koreh, as Omin, has the richest role and he makes the most of it, particularly in the superb *O! wie will ich triumphieren*, sung when he has just captured the escaping lovers. Unfortunately faulty microphoning makes him obscure the orchestra (as well as Belmonte) in Act I. Apart from this technical defect the set seems to me a worthy companion to the Glyndebourne recordings of the later operas.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor: I have just noticed that in your October issue my friend, Frank Underhill, suggests that our Canadian Communists may be forming some kind of special scout company, as he says, to be raised mainly from Canadian historians "with Captain Lower and Lieutenant Creighton in charge." Apart from the fact that if I am to be captain of such a company, I shall claim the right to select my own officers, I don't understand Mr. Underhill's reference. He may be interested to learn that at various times I have been called a Communist in Fredericton and a Conservative

in Vancouver. If these two terms are added up and divided by two, they come out geographically to Winnipeg (and now Kingston) and arithmetically to liberalism. My geographical shift has not involved any political shift, as my friend Underhill should well know. What has happened, of course, is that he has done a large detour and from a heavy firing position on my left is now beginning a series of skirmishes on my right. I have been a reader of the *New Statesman* as long as he has, I suppose, but I have always read it in order to correct any Tory views I might find springing up within me. I suppose he must have been reading it in innocence and now the scales have suddenly fallen from his eyes.

Well, time works great changes, but whatever they come to, I hope Frank will go on vigorously hitting out, even if the blows do sometimes fall in rather unexpected places.

A. R. M. Lower, Kingston, Ontario.

The Editor: The writers in your December issue who used up so much of your correspondence space in abusing me all had two characteristics in common which should be noted. One was their colonialism. Because I had had the bad taste to criticize that great English weekly, the *New Statesman*, I was a bad thing. I have had some experience in being denounced by the colonials of the Right, but this outburst of colonialism on the Left is something new. The other common characteristic was that they confined themselves pretty much to abuse. Why didn't they refute my general analysis of *New Statesman* policy by showing that, in addition to being emotionally displeasing to them, I was wrong in my facts?

Mr. Scott's article on Mackenzie King was, of course, in an entirely different class. I should not feel inclined to disagree with most of what he had to say. But we CCFers, who have not been very successful in politics so far, should avoid public expression of that rather unpleasant form of self-pity which consists in sneering at the success of other people. Mr. Scott was right enough in the particular criticisms he made of particular policies of Mr. King. His underlying criticism, however, was that Mr. King didn't proceed to bring about Canadian unity by applying to Canada the kind of policies of which we in the CCF approve. Surely the obvious fact is that our CCF policies—about the B.N.A. Act, about labor questions, etc.—don't (as yet) meet with the approval of most of the Canadian people. And somehow or other Canada has to be governed with the general approval of the majority of the Canadian voters. When a national community has as little unity as the Canadian people have, the statesman who is going to govern us (and some statesman has to undertake that responsibility) has to adjust his policies to the fact of our disunity.

The suggestion I made in my article was that we in the CCF should give more thought to the kind of appeal we are going to make to those social groups to whom our appeal so far has not been very successful. One of your correspondents seems to think it monstrous that I should consider appealing to French Canadians and to those who at present vote Liberal. Where else does he imagine that we are going to get the votes necessary to raise our percentage of popular support from something less than 20 to something more than 50?

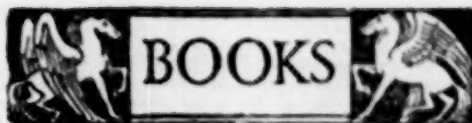
Frank H. Underhill, Toronto, Ont.

SAMPLE COPIES—We will be glad to send sample copies of this issue to your friends. Subscribers are invited to send us five names and addresses.

Overheard 1865

This man with the humorous look and the high silk hat,
(Do not be deceived by that)
With young Disraeli's face from Kingston town,
He has the annoying habit of being correct
When his foes are wrong. They say he called George Brown
A bag of wind or words to that effect.
Everyone knows the two don't get along.
And Brown is important; he runs the *Toronto Globe*,
And sets himself as a judge of right and wrong,
Except that he hasn't acquired a judge's robe.
Macdonald doesn't like politics; they pressed
Him into service at somebody else's whim:
At least the other day that's what he confessed
When backed in a corner and questions fired at him.
A storm centre? Well, yes. But he keeps his wits
About him, and always gets in the final word.
In house debate he handles the toughest Grits
Like a smart magician and makes them seem absurd.
He turns opponents round till at last they think
An idea's their own, and so are forced to agree
Or seem ridiculous. Oh yes, he takes a drink
Sometimes; he's human though, and must foresee
Political foes will capitalize on this.
He practised law in Picton; his first case
Ending in a brawl. For sharper emphasis
Macdonald punched his opponent's face.
The judge was scandalized and called for order:
An old court crier flapping like a swan
Circled the combatants hissing, "Order, Order!"
And underneath his breath, "Go hit him, John!"
Macdonald is cooler now, more self-control.
He wants to merge the colonies all together.
He's just the man for that, a Scotch bell-wether
To lead the provinces and weld a single whole.
Perhaps he'll pull it off, and if he does
His name will stand on that for all of time;
To take the awkward gutturals and make them rhyme
In one confederation—won't that create a buzz
Beyond our borders? He'd get a knighthood sure:
"And fawncy that, Sir John. Your pardon now, m'lord!"
He's not a snob, I say! He can't afford
To sneer; whatever happens his hat size is secure.
It would be interesting a hundred years from now
To look back and see what happens to this man.
It's possible he'll die this week, but if he can
He'll live and change the maps around somehow . . .
That poet fellow, McGee, is on his side,
And even Brown concurs, and certain others;
If Tupper keeps the Maritimes satisfied,
Then Upper Canada may call the Frenchmen brothers.
But you and I . . .
We stand too close beside the little stage
In Ottawa to accurately assess
The greatness of this man, his awesome rage
Or impish grin in parliament address.
He talks of building railways—not of war,
Of rolling wheatland opened by that key;
And one day on the sombre Fundy shore
He'll thread a needle in the western sea.

Alfred W. Purdy.



THE BRITISH OVERSEAS: C. E. Carrington; Macmillan; pp. xxiv + 1092; \$9.00.

My mental picture of the average reader of *The Canadian Forum* is of one who in 1935 sniffed rather disdainfully at the Empire but now clings eagerly to the Commonwealth as the chief repository of political sanity in a dark and threatening world. Then, we were asserting somewhat stridently our adolescent independence of that Imperial Power which had ceased to exist some years before. Now, we would agree with the Rt. Hon. P. C. Gordon-Walker who, in a September broadcast on the BBC, remarked: "The new Commonwealth contains within itself the only real bridge between Asia and the West."

In the time of Shakespeare there were about seven million British people. They were all in the British Isles. Now there are over one hundred and forty million. About two-thirds are overseas. The book under review is the first attempt to tell the total story of this great diaspora. It begins with John Cabot and continues to the granting of independence to India and Pakistan. Carrington paints on a broad canvas with bold and vigorous strokes. Even so, his more than one thousand pages of text are insufficient, forcing him sometimes to a too compressed style as he attempts to encompass an account of the founding of every colony; the development of the East India Company; the Slave Trade; the British at the Cape, in Asia, and in Africa; the changing philosophy of Empire; the development of Dominion status — to name only a few of the inevitable elements of the epic.

Carrington, who comes from the same well-known New Zealand family as our Anglican Archbishop of Quebec, is an exhilarating and, as far as I can judge, competent guide to this great sweep of history. As he remarks, "Of the five original colonizing nations (Spanish, Portuguese, French, Dutch, and British) the British, on all accounts, achieved the most: their empire endured the longest, spread the widest, commanded the greatest force, produced the most wealth, begot the most numerous population, had the most stimulating influence upon its neighbors."

"The British ruled more subject peoples than Charles V of whom it was first said that the sun never set upon his dominions; they were lords of more lands than Genghis Khan whose writ ran from Hungary to China; they multiplied so fast as to outnumber the seed of Abraham; they spread their language and culture farther than Alexander who carried Hellenism to India."

At the present moment, standing or, rather, crouching as we do between the two colossi, we see clearly that the pre-eminent power of Britain is no more. As recently as 1914, the USA was still a debtor nation with much of its resources mortgaged to the City. Two wars have changed all that and brought to pass Seeley's remarkable prophecy of 1833: "Russia in Europe has already a population of nearly eighty millions on a territory of more than two millions of square miles, and the United States will have by the end of the nineteenth century a population as large upon a territory of four millions of square miles . . . At a time which many here present may live to see, Russia and the United States will surpass in power the states now called great as much as

the great country-states of the sixteenth century surpassed Florence."

We therefore cannot read *The British Overseas* without a few nostalgic tears, but though the power of Britain as such has waned, the power of the British overseas is still very considerable. Carrington's admirable work can help us understand our past and present selves. Without such knowledge we shall hardly meet the clear challenge of contemporary history to share with all mankind the ability, which we have learned within the Commonwealth, of men of different interests to live together in peace for their own interest.

A final commendation: the format is not unpleasing, the index is splendid, the forty-two maps and six graphs illuminate the text and the thirty-two portraits perhaps do more than any words could to enable the reader to see why the British achievement was possible. *A. J. Coleman.*

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT IN CANADA: Paul Gérin-Lajoie; University of Toronto Press-Saunders; pp. xliii, 340; \$5.50.

This is the third volume in the Canadian Government Series edited by R. Macgregor Dawson and maintains the high standards of objective scholarship and readability established by its predecessors. Dr. Gérin-Lajoie has performed a valuable service for all Canadians interested in the problem of constitutional amendment in Canada by his clear exposition of the nature of the Canadian constitution and its amendments. He has brought together in one comprehensive chapter a description of all the amendments made to the British North America Act since Confederation. In addition he has included a valuable commentary on the Statute of Westminster and its position in regard to the method to be followed in altering the Canadian constitution. There is also a useful section on the conflicting views of the amending procedure at the present time as well as an interesting and provocative proposal for a new method of changing the constitution.

As a French-speaking Canadian and a lawyer Dr. Gérin-Lajoie is especially interested in the legal aspects of federal-provincial rights and how the constitution and the amending process protect these powers against unilateral action by either the central government or the provincial governments. He places great emphasis on the necessity of retaining the right of constitutional amendment in the hands of the parliament of the United Kingdom until some effective safeguards to provincial rights are adopted. He regards as unwarranted "by the political structure of Canada" the claim that provincial sovereignty can be "abridged under the present system without the consent of all provinces affected." Severe criticisms are directed at those who would centralize legislative and fiscal powers in the hands of the federal government. He is particularly concerned with the establishment of a method of amendment which will safeguard provincial rights and preserve the federal nature of Canadian institutions. Therefore, Dr. Gérin-Lajoie's study is directed toward emphasizing the legal and constitutional factors which favor provincial participation and approval before the adoption of any significant amendments which would effect the distribution of powers under sections 91 and 92 of the British North America Act. *W. K. R.*

THE NEW SOCIETY: Peter F. Drucker; Munson (Harper & Bros.); pp. 336; \$6.50.

The New Society which Peter Drucker sees is conditioned by the development of the modern industrial enterprise. The enterprise, Drucker reveals, has laws all of its own

which mystically unfold for mankind's wondrous gaze. That Peter F. Drucker is looked upon as a leading economic thinker simply underlines the fact that economics is still far from being a science. But the reader who is looking for a book that is fresh in ideas and highly provocative in its presentation should not be disappointed. Problems of management and industrial relations as they apply to large enterprise are outlined in a most interesting manner. It is a book for those associated both with management and union policy-making to scan. The respective faults and merits of each are shrewdly appraised.

This reviewer found the following statement annoying: "We do not have a strike because negotiations break down; negotiations break down because the situation is a strike situation" (p. 118). That is the purest gobbledygook, embellished with philosophical overtones out of the last century! Mr. Drucker can be interesting even in his inconsistencies. He accuses American labor leaders of being extremely reckless in their use of the strike weapon and very shortly thereafter turns to ridicule the "absurd concept of the 'more mature'" European union leader.

Sensibly, Drucker sees the attitude of the worker in mass production as a most potent factor in the achievement of productivity goals. In line with nearly all the wiser and more progressive men in management, he has been a close student of the researches of the late Elton Mayo. Drucker believes that the worker must see the whole process of production with understanding.

He calls it the "managerial attitude," and believes that every worker right down to the man who sweeps up must develop it. With this he couples another tall order. Individually and collectively the workers must be sold on the necessity for profits in our economy. Perhaps no one as closely identified with industry could fully grasp just how silly this would all sound to the man on the production line. It is interesting to remember at this point that American labor—unlike labor in Europe—is not predicated upon any doctrinaire opposition to profits. Yet, Drucker correctly interprets labor's role as one of opposition to profit-making.

If labor and the worker are to accept profit as a source of fresh capital for expansion of the economy it will have to be sold to them as a social profit. Certainly the worker is not likely to get a whole picture of production while our society remains so crudely individualistic. The need is for the worker to get social-minded rather than managerial-minded. *J. Lloyd Harrington.*

TRADITIONAL SONGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA: Collected by Helen Creighton and Doreen H. Senior; Ryerson Press; pp. 274; \$6.00.

The appearance of Miss Creighton's new collection is a source of delight to all Canadians interested in folk songs. Her first volume, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, which came out in 1932, has ever since been regarded as the most important folk-song collection in English-speaking Canada. This new collection is even more authoritative, for the collecting and preparing of notes was done over a period of seventeen years.

This time Miss Creighton has also had skilled assistance in the noting of tunes. Miss Doreen Senior, an outstanding musician and herself a folk-song authority, was brought out from England to teach folk dancing at the Nova Scotia Summer School in 1932, and from then until 1939 she accompanied Miss Creighton on various collecting expeditions. In more recent years Miss Creighton was assisted by Nina Bartley Finn and Margaret Sargent, but the bulk

of the tunes in this volume were taken down by Miss Senior. It is also interesting to know that 357 of the songs Miss Creighton recorded are now in the Archives of American Folk Song of the Library of Congress, while duplicates of 114 of these are in the National Museum at Ottawa.

The collection contains 137 different songs, and most of them have from two to seven variants. Brief but illuminating notes introduce each song, and we are also given a careful listing of books that contain other versions, the name of the singer from whom the song was obtained, and the names of those whose songs have been recorded for the Library of Congress.

About the first half of the book is made up of songs based on the famous Child collection of *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. The remainder is made up of songs derived from other British sources, a group of nursery songs, and finally a few that originated in North America, including four Negro songs. You will find many old favorites like "Barbara Allan," "Lord Randall," "The Three Ravens," and "The Cherry Tree Carol," and also many less well-known ballads like "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship," "Tarry Trousers," "The Deaf Woman's Courtship," and "The Gaberlunzie Man." There is an amazing variety of songs, and possibly it would have added to the value of the book if some attempt had been made to group them a little more specifically. There is a rough grouping, but no actual division according to subject or type. Of course there are many difficulties in any form of classification, but a few signposts might have increased the interest of the novice. Also, perhaps some will share my regret that Miss Creighton has not included a larger proportion of the songs that originated on this continent. She is undoubtedly right in deciding that most of the native Nova Scotian songs are inferior musically or literally: they have not yet travelled through enough generations to acquire the polish of the ancient ballads. However, they are of interest because they are Canadian, and I hope that Miss Creighton will later publish more of them.

Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia is at once scholarly and popular, informative and entertaining. The preface by Dr. John Robins and Miss Creighton's introduction both help to create the proper setting for the folk songs. Often introductions and prefaces are regarded as a necessary evil, but these are so interesting that I wish they had been much longer. It should also be noted that the type and layout in this volume are much superior to those in Miss Creighton's earlier work.

Edith Fowke

ROADS TO RUIN: E. S. Turner; Michael Joseph; pp. 256; \$2.50.

It is often said nothing is ever accomplished by talk. Here is a little book that could be used to prove that the people of England talked themselves in a hundred years from a condition of semi-savagery to a nation as civilized as any the world has ever known. The largest debating society ever organized was unquestionably the people of England.

On leave in England during the first World War, one young Canadian soldier was amazed to find English newspapers largely filled with a nearly violent controversy as to whether or not fox hunting should be discontinued for the duration. Letters to the papers showed conclusively that England both would—and wouldn't—lose the war if it was. Discussions, fortunately not many as frivolous as this one, have been going on in England through good times and bad, war and peace, for more than a hundred years.

Roads to Ruin reports on a dozen social reforms, not those of major importance, introduced into England in the past hundred years or so, detailing the struggles and the many long years necessary to effect what, in retrospect, seems so obviously desirable, sensible and humane.

Often, as the author points out, the simpler the reform the longer and harder would be the battle to achieve it. Many of the men who first spoke up for moderate reforms never lived to see the reforms effected. Sir Samuel Romilly whose heart was set on seeing the penalty for treason modified (it was "hanging, drawing and quartering," the executions being public) died before its repeal, although he had some successes, such as seeing the penalty of death for pocket-picking changed to transportation.

The people of 19th Century England are not flattered by the story of these struggles for reform. The well-to-do and educated were unbelievably callous and wrong-headed, the poorer classes besotted and illiterate. So often strong opposition to a reform came from those who would benefit most.

Every parliamentary subterfuge was then, as it is today, used to frustrate and emasculate legislation. The legal quibbles and trickery were frightfully disheartening to the reformers, but heartening is the fact that all these reforms eventually were the law of the land.

Freedom of speech was, is and always will be the most important thing in any democracy.

The author has let the protagonists of the times tell much of this story, and it is stimulating reading. If not an important certainly a most interesting book. S. Cowen.

THE WATCHFUL GODS: Walter Van Tilburg Clark; Random House; pp. 306; \$3.50.

There is little doubt that Mr. Clark is one of the great masters of the short story living in America today. Unfortunately, perhaps, for him, and certainly for the average American and Canadian reader, the type of story of which he is master is the sound, meaty, evocative one; the story which requires some attention to read and which is likely to be, both in the reading and afterwards, oddly disturbing. In both countries the reader's misfortune is that this is the kind of story from which the "slick" or mass circulation magazine flees as from communist propaganda. To find such stories the reader must turn to publications like *Atlantic*, *Yale Review*, *Accent*, *Virginia Quarterly Review*, *Rocky Mountain Review*, and *Tomorrow*, in which magazines the eight short stories in the volume first appeared. The Canadian reader's plight is even worse, in that there is no magazine of Canadian publication in which stories of this quality can regularly be found.

With nine stories so different, ranging from the bitter realism of *Hook* and the fantastic realism of *The Portable Phonograph*, through the "slice of life" of *The Rapids* to the sad fun of *The Fish Who Could Close His Eyes*, it would be foolish, in this limited space, to attempt to discuss these tales. Instead, I give you three bits from *Hook*—the opening paragraph and the two closing ones of the first section:

"Hook, the hawk's child, was hatched in a dry spring among the oaks beside the seasonal river, and was struck from the nest early. In the drouth his single-willed parents had to extend their hunting ground by more than twice, for the ground creatures upon which they fed died and dried by the hundreds. The range became too great for them to wish to return and feed Hook, and when they had lost interest in each other they drove Hook down into the sand

and brush and went back to solitary courses over the bleaching hills . . .

"On a hilltop projection of stone some two miles inland, he struck her down, gripping her rustling body with his talons, beating her wings down with his wings, belting her head when she whimpered or thrashed, and at last clutching her neck with his hook and, when her coy struggles had given way to stillness, succeeded.

"In the early summer, Hook drove the three young ones from their nest and went back to lone circling above his own range. He was complete."

The title story—*The Watchful Gods*—is a novella, here published for the first time. It is one of the truest and most moving stories of boyhood which I have ever read.

A.S.

THE FRASER: Bruce Hutchison; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 368; \$4.50.

In this contribution to the Rivers of America series Bruce Hutchison gives a fine description of about a quarter of the province of British Columbia, covers much of the province's history, and draws an interesting picture of the lives of its people.

There are few lukewarm British Columbians, and certainly Bruce Hutchison is not one of them. He went west as a young man, but no Native Son can vie with him in his obvious love for the rivers, lakes, and mountains of his adopted province. Undoubtedly, the Fraser system, remarkable in a country of great rivers, has won a special place in his heart. Because of this, Hutchison writes with feeling and insight usually devoted to the biography of an eminent man. He invests this 850-mile river, which rises as a brook in the Rocky Mountains, carves a deep gash through the high central plateau, and pours its silt-laden torrent into the Pacific, with the personality of a living thing.

The book is permeated by Hutchison's sly humor, some of which only a British Columbian might detect, but which is at its broadest in the chapter on angling when he pokes fun at his friend, a one-time attorney-general of the province, whom he quotes as authority for successive assertions that the fishing in a particular stream or lake is the best in British Columbia.

Hutchison has steered successfully between facts not too easily authenticated and legends already legion in the Cariboo country. He is in error, however, in referring to the use of dynamite (not yet invented) in the construction of the famous Cariboo Road; but surely the reference on page 198 to the speed of the Fraser at freshet time as 182 miles an hour must be someone else's error!

Richard Bennett supplies drawings that reflect much of the Fraser's atmosphere and blend well with Hutchison's text.

D. M. LeBourdais.

THEMES AND VARIATIONS: Aldous Huxley; Clarke, Irwin (Chatto and Windus); pp. 260; \$3.00.

Many judiciously dire predictions might have been made, in Mr. Huxley's heyday, of what he might become. But who would have thought that by 1950 he would be a bore?

More than half of this book is given over to an essay entitled "Variations on a Philosopher." The philosopher is a minor French metaphysician and politician named Maine de Biran. For six pages Mr. Huxley maintains a pleasant fictional form, beginning with a very Aldine picture of his hero, the Quaestor of the Chamber of Deputies, reading Pascal and nursing his excruciating gastric disorders at a fashionable spa. This soon bogs down. On page 16 we get, without warning, apology, or explanation: "An extreme

cerebrotonic can never be a successful behaviorist and, conversely, an extreme somatonic or extreme viscerotonic is organically debarred from the psychology of introspection." And now the whole troop of Mr. Huxley's hobby-horses comes prancing into the ring under a bright Californian sky, and Biran becomes a mere point of departure for each one's curvets and caracoles. Nobody forced Mr. Huxley to write about Biran; then why is his essay so like the examination answer of a student who has got up all the wrong subjects? These are variations indeed:

"Let us begin with the historical movement, of whose significance and even existence Biran seems to have been most completely unaware . . ."

"Biran, unfortunately, had never read Meister Eckhart. If he had . . ."

"That Biran could have thought so little about art . . ."

"From Deleuze we turn to another of Biran's contemporaries, a man whom our philosopher never knew and whose works he could not read. The fact is unfortunate . . ."

"So much for the conclusions which our philosopher might have drawn from a study of animal magnetism and the phenomena of trance, but which he did not draw because he chose to neglect the opportunities for study."

And so on, to "the mystical conception of true and complete salvation, a conception of which, strangely enough, Biran seems hardly to have been aware."

There are an amusing essay on baroque tombs and a competent pair on El Greco and Goya. The last, and oddly the best, essay is a neo-Malthusian piece on the demographic and ecological crisis of our age. It is admirable, I agree with it—but I cannot help feeling that I am illidge, sickened from the commission of political murder, and that Lord Edward Tantomont is nattering on about "the stupid way we deal with cadavers. Three quarters of a kilo of phosphorus pentoxide in every body . . ."

Simon Paynter.

OWEN GLEN: Ben Ames Williams; Thomas Allen Ltd; pp. 629; \$4.50.

This is a pretty long book and a leisurely one. However, it makes interesting reading and is a cut above the *Saturday Evening Post* stuff Mr. Williams is usually known for.

The book starts off in January 1890 and ends on new year's eve 1898. It is centred mainly in a small coal-mining community in Ohio and is actually an attempt to describe life in America at that time. Owen Glen is the principal character. He appears in the book as a lad of ten and is still in his teens when it ends. But he is a pretty precocious sort of kid. He enters the coal mines before he is thirteen and is an officer of his union within the next few years. His gift of speech and his ultimate marriage to a school-teacher who rounds out his education are reminiscent of John L. Lewis. Like Lewis, too, Owen Glen's father is a die-hard union man who is blacklisted for his militancy.

A large part of the book is devoted to the miners, the United Mine Workers of America, and their recurrent struggles with the operators. Mr. Williams writes of the miners and their union with a marked degree of sympathy and understanding. For the rest, Mr. Williams describes small-town life in a young republic that has not yet quite found itself, sometimes with more than a touch of irony.

Oddly enough, it is the secondary characters that seem to be most rounded out. Owen Glen's parents, Beecham, the editor of the local journal, Charles Morgan, the old miner, Nellie Tutson, for whom Owen conceives a passion, these and others appear clearly as individual human beings. But Owen Glen himself is somewhat nebulous around the edges.

There is a lot about him that is never properly developed so that he remains a sort of vehicle to carry the story along rather than someone the reader can accept and understand as a person. This is a pity because Owen Glen is obviously going places and we ought to know him better.

A. Andrus.

ON BEING HUMAN: Ashley Montagu; Nelson (Henry Schuman); pp. 125; \$2.50.

The principal thesis propounded by Dr. Ashley Montagu in this short work is the significance of the forces of co-operation and of love in the whole process of biological evolution and of social development. To establish this thesis the author is impelled first to discredit those interpretations of Malthus and of Darwin which were characteristic of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; the concepts of ruthless competition and of "survival of the fittest." As the basic laws of living these are attacked with great vigor and skill and co-operation and love are persuasively urged as being even more fundamental to human development and survival.

With this point of view most contemporary thinkers will agree, but the whole issue is over-simplified. The author might argue that he is writing for the layman rather than for the specialist, but the intelligent layman could feel resentment at the manner in which the author talks down to him. The book, while written with the author's usual facility of expression, shows occasional signs of carelessness, either of writing or of proof-reading. For example, on page 57 he speaks of "... a disease from which, but half a century ago, more than half the children in their first year of life regularly died." Does he really mean that, in 1900, the infant death rate exceeded 50 per cent?

Yet the book might be read with advantage by all, scientists and laymen, who are interested in social thought. It eloquently presents a point of view which needs emphasis. It is to be hoped that the larger and more technical book promised in the introduction will not be unduly delayed.

G. Gordon Brown.

WILLIAM JAMES: THE MESSAGE OF A MODERN MIND: Lloyd Morris; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. ix, 98; \$2.75.

This book gives a clear, concise, and non-technical account of the thought of William James, by all odds the most vivid figure yet to appear in American philosophy. Although actively engaged in teaching at Harvard College for over thirty years, James' influence spread far beyond the limits of Cambridge, and helped to mould the intellectual life of his country in the first decade of the present century. Since then, two world wars and a major economic depression have tended to eclipse this influence. But Mr. Morris contends that much of importance for the contemporary world is still to be learned from James. Hence, James' "message" to posterity receives considerable emphasis at various points in the book.

A central component of this message consists in James' belief in the freedom and the essential worth of the individual person. Man is not for him a being powerless to determine his own destiny or the course of history. He is a free agent, who can by joining thought and action work out his own salvation. He is able to do this because the world in which he lives is plastic and fluent, not a "block universe" governed by inexorable laws. Mr. Morris traces the origin of these ideas in James' classic, *The Principles of Psychology*, and follows them through the successive works on pragmatism, the meaning of truth, and the doctrine of radical

empiricism. He succeeds admirably in conveying the freshness of James' thought, his unconventional attitude toward the problems of classical philosophy, and the colorful manner in which his views were expressed. These characteristics are well exemplified in the chapters of the book dealing with ethics and religion. Here one sees clearly the impressionistic cast of James' intellect. His flashing insights were never articulated with precision, because of his invincible hatred of logic. Mr. Morris is perhaps a little too sympathetic toward this foible. But in most other respects his book provides an excellent introduction to a rich and fascinating mind.

Thomas A. Goudge.

THE NEW FEDERALIST: Owen J. Roberts, John F. Schmidt, Clarence K. Streit; Munson; pp. 109; \$2.00.

Like the original papers from which this collection of articles derives its inspiration, *The New Federalist* is propaganda rather than an objective study of the subject which it purports to discuss and, like its predecessor, it conceals rather than analyses some of the fundamental problems of federalism.

Moreover, the United States federal system bore fruit within the context of a distinctive set of historical circumstances. As that context has disappeared, new problems have emerged so that most of the functions of government have been altered more drastically in substance than in form

MAKAROFF, CARTER and CARTER

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries

301-302 Bicks Building, SASKATOON, Sask.

P. G. Makaroff, K.C., Roger C. Carter, LL.B.,
Mary Y. Carter, LL.B.

GEORGE GILBERT Real Estate

1204 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada

J. J. SWANSON & CO. LTD.

REALTORS

Insurance and Financial Agents
Property Management

308 AVENUE BLDG., WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

JOHN STEELE

MASTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, P.A. OF A.

22 Grenville Street, Toronto

K1, 6836

STAMMERING CORRECTED: Modern scientific methods. Helpful 44-page booklet gives full information. Write today for FREE copy. William Dennison, 543 N. Jarvis Street, Toronto, Canada.

and the development of fresh balancing forces to replace the old has been impeded by the fabric of the constitution itself.

This is not to say that the proposed federation of the Atlantic community is necessarily undesirable—on the contrary, in view of the general recognition of the need for joint policies for defence, trade, and currency regulation it is probably essential—but it is regrettable that this book, which represents the thought of the leading United States advocates of the proposal, fails to discuss it in terms of the political problems and concepts of twentieth-century democracy.

P. H. C.

XAIPE: SEVENTY-ONE POEMS: E. E. Cummings; Oxford Press; pp. 71; \$3.00.

In one poem, if you read the punctuation in (":" to rhyme with "stolen," say—this isn't giving anything away), you find very correct very traditional quatrains coming out even, and ultimately making sense. Most of this book is no fun unless you play with it. People blame Cummings for his imitators' nonsense, although his own inimitable style conveys sensible meanings, emotional, imaginative, and logical. For sardonic overtones "D mocræ c" (3 lines) outclasses the spelling-bee version. Admittedly you can only succeed with this word once. But Cummings never repeats a trick, and never fails of one where a nuance of meaning calls for scrupulous, and startling, expression. His rhythms are always satisfying, and his artistry is always sound.

Poetry without a touch of the theatrical is perhaps minor poetry. A delicate sense of the absurdity in everything from political credos to workaday words—a fatal awareness of their smallest parts and hidden aspects—may limit a poet's range. But these considerations seem as irrelevant as whether the poet is a tall man or a short man. This book offers honest

pleasure, a rare commodity and highly to be prized, cavil who may.

M. Avram.

THE LOUD LITERARY LAMAS OF NEW YORK: Jack Woodford; Vantage Press (New York); pp. 94; \$2.50.

Mr. Woodford, who is actually Josiah Pitts Woolfolk, must be accounted one of the genuine phenomena of this commercial writing and publishing age. In these ninety-four pages he pours forth both his accumulated wisdom and experience and his venom upon publishers and editors. There is good sense here from the writer's viewpoint; rank heresy from the editor's and publisher's; amusing, interesting and infuriating reading from almost any reader's.

The real blotch upon this work, however, is in the political propaganda which Mr. Woodford has, by brute force, thrust into it. Obviously a Republican of the most reactionary and vituperative school, he heaps vilification upon the memory of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt. For this reason the book is not recommended to Forum readers nor to liberal men anywhere.

Allan Sangster.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

MICHAEL SHENSTONE, a recent graduate of Trinity College, Toronto, spent three weeks in Germany last summer. He is at present doing research in history at Trinity College, Cambridge, England . . . **ROBERT L. WEAVER**, of the Talks Department of the CBC, Toronto, is a frequent contributor . . . **ALBERT A. SHEA** contributed an article, "The State of Israel" to our issue of November, 1950 . . . **CLARE McALLISTER**, who lives in Winnipeg, contributed an article, "The Books They Gave Me," to our issue of June, 1950 . . . **PAMELA LEE** lives in Montreal.

Insurance History in Saskatchewan

- First with automobile accident compensation plan with benefits for drivers, passengers and pedestrians.
- First with comprehensive "Package Policy" for automobiles at a low rate of \$17.50.
- First in providing general insurance such as fire, casualty, auto and inland marine, at reasonable rates.
- In less than five years in first place ahead of over 250 companies writing general insurance in province.

FOR INFORMATION ABOUT SASKATCHEWAN'S OWN INSURANCE SERVICE WRITE TO

The Saskatchewan Government Insurance Office

Minister
Hon. C. M. Fines

Head Office
REGINA

Manager
M. F. Allore